

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 2015

The Interview: Christoph Waltz

The Rise of the Machines

20Q: Daniel Radcliffe

America's Best Bars 2015

Can One Man Save Boxing?

seeing
red

**WHO WILL
BE NAMED**

Miss Blackheart?



→ Stealing hearts across all continents, Alana's not afraid to let her adventurous side show. Only a real man could keep up with this Brazilian beauty as she takes the world head on.

Alana Campos
No Man Can Resist Her.



→ A little rock and roll, Kayla keeps crowds up all night when she tours the world as a DJ. When she's not behind the decks, she loves showing off her wild side in front of the camera.

Kayla Collins
Edgy to the Core.



Who will you choose?

HELP 2015 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR DANI MATHERS SELECT MISS BLACKHEART.

They're bold, bawdy, edgy and seductive,
but which Playmate has what it takes to be named Miss Blackheart®?
Meet the contestants and cast your vote online to help us decide.



→ She may look sweet, but Nikki isn't your typical girl next door. A sports fan and athlete, she can hold her own with the guys... while making them weak in the knees.



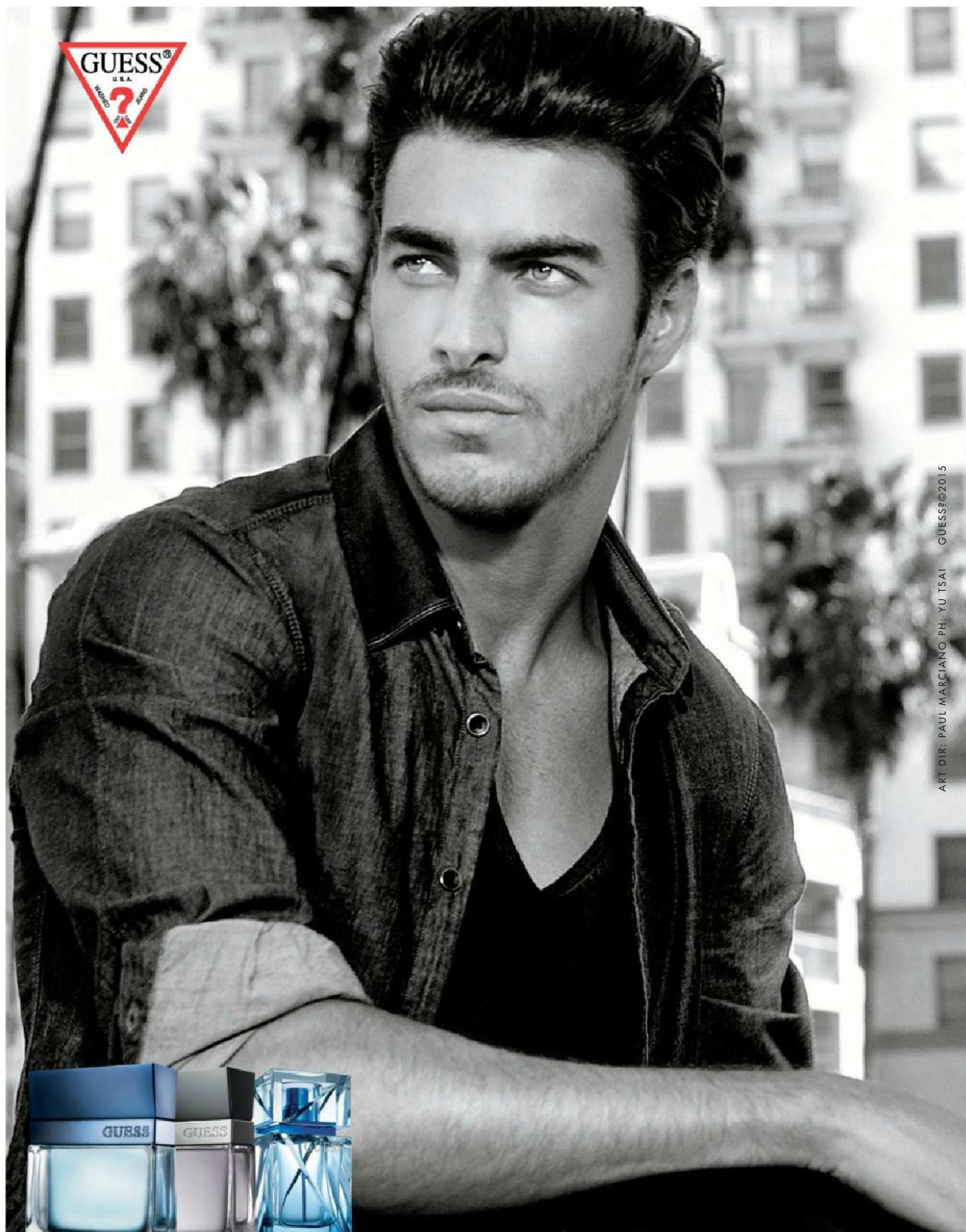
→ This fearless beauty isn't afraid to get up close and personal. As a television journalist, Alison has the courage to ask the tough questions and the confidence to take risks in everything she pursues.

Nikki Leigh
Breaks Hearts with One Look.

Alison Waite
She's Risky...and Risqué.

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We are at the dawn of a new epoch," writes **Christopher Steiner** in *Resistance Is Futile*. "Everything we thought we knew about fate and free will may soon hit the document shredder of history." Bold words. But consider that algorithms—the "if this, then that" equations behind all technology—now drive cars, write books and sentence criminals, leaving us to wonder whether their reach in our lives has crept too far. Also on the precipice of a new epoch: boxing. Its overseers are steaming mad that Al Haymon (Floyd Mayweather's manager) and his new Premier Boxing Champions aim to bring a UFC-style edge to the sweet science. In *Who Is This Man and What Has He Done to Boxing?*, **Tim Struby** sheds light on the man who some say could ruin the sport. **Christoph Waltz**, on the other hand, is single-handedly saving the Hollywood villain with his brilliantly subtle performances. In his *Playboy Interview*, the Austrian-born actor explains why working with Quentin Tarantino changed his life and how he innovated within the confines of a (very) storied franchise as Franz Oberhauser, the antagonist he plays in the upcoming 24th Bond film. Although almost diametrically opposed on the typecasting spectrum, **Daniel Radcliffe** could relate to Waltz's call for measured innovation. In *20Q*, the actor explains why he may never escape his Harry Potter shadow and tells how indie roles and a healthy perspective helped him outgrow typical child-actor blunders. **Steve Weddle** pens a short story with thorny Southern roots. In *South of Bradley*, Roy Alison encounters the man who murdered his great-grandfather; the killer freely admits it, upturning Roy's notions of pride, humility and honor and testing his nerves. Speaking of pride, **Derek Waters** knows how to sacrifice his own for a good laugh. It's a beautiful thing to watch top comics get blotto on his show *Drunk History* and just as beautiful to see him take on the best of *PLAYBOY*'s own in a special *Talk* section, "The Drunk History of Playboy." Our *Women* column finds **Hilary Winston** discussing every partnered person's worst nightmare—visiting their parents—and expertly diagnosing what makes it such a necessary pain. In *Forum*'s "The Dark Side of Eternal Life," **Jason Silverstein** ponders why a scientific search for the cure to death may not be as wonderful as it sounds. And **Greg Manis** takes off for the big city to photograph Julia Fox, a New York model whose natural allure in *Stone-Cold Fox* proves no metropolis does it better. If she's around for this new epoch, we're not so frightened. Beauty has no algorithm—and that, you have to admit, is a beautiful thing.



Christopher Steiner



Tim Struby



Christoph Waltz



Steve Weddle



Jason Silverstein

PLAYBILL



Daniel Radcliffe



Derek Waters



Hilary Winston



Greg Manis



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PLAYBOY

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They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but the allure of our ravishing redheads Gia Marie and Dominique Jane is indisputable. Where else would our Rabbit be but squarely in their gaze?







JÖVAN

It's what attracts



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WORLD of

PLAYMATE SIGHTINGS

/ MANSION FROLICS

/ NIGHTLIFE NOTES



TRANSPORTED TO THE MANSION

✚ To celebrate the release of *The Transporter Refueled*, the fourth installment of EuropaCorp's high-octane film franchise about a kick-ass courier, Playboy hosted a special screening and after-party at the Mansion for the film's stars. Ed Skrein, who replaces Jason Statham in the latest iteration and will be seen

in February's *Deadpool*, walked the red carpet with co-stars Loan Chabanol and Gabriella Wright, who both play femmes fatales. *Lost*'s Harold Perrineau and *Captain America*'s Anthony Mackie joined the cast in enjoying electrifying *Transporter*-themed dance performances and of course the company of Playmates.

Playboy Edition

BLACKHEART Spiced Rum

• We rarely need an excuse to enjoy a fine cocktail, but for those who do, we have you covered. Playboy has teamed with Blackheart premium spiced rum to release a limited-edition, 93-proof batch of the caramel-tinged spirit, in its own Bunny-branded bottle. Featuring Blackheart's sexy pirate girl reimagined as a Playmate on the label, Blackheart Playboy

Edition will be available only through the fall. Hot buttered rum, anyone?



PLAYMATE NEWS

ON-AIR TALENT

• From sexual myths to relationship woes to video games, Miss July 2011 **Jessa Hinton** tackles it all in her new podcast, *Anything Goes*, available every Tuesday on iTunes.



RISING STAR

• **PMOY 2012** **Jaclyn Swedberg** was the most-viewed celebrity on IMDb during the month of August, ranking higher than Jennifer Lawrence and Cara Delevingne.





PLAYBOY

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR ON DISPLAY

✦ New York photographer Jonathan Leder is renowned for working one-on-one with models to create images that are both erotic and intimate. For his latest showcase, *92 Photographs*, on view at Los Angeles's Superchief Gallery through February, Leder trained his lens on Miss November 2012 **Britany Nola** and Miss

February 2015 **Kayslee Collins** (among other beauties) to evoke the classic pinup, the girl next door and other women of fantasy. Shot mostly on Polaroid from 2011 to 2015, the collection also features a then-unknown Emily Ratajowski. A limited-edition show catalog is available through Imperial-Publishing.com for \$50.



.COM

1

TINASHE

• Her sophomore album, *Joyride*, is one of the fall's most anticipated. Get to know the girl behind the music at her *Becoming Attraction* shoot.

2

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

• The star of this month's *Victor Frankenstein* works his magic on the set of his Gothic 20Q shoot.

3

RACHEL HARRIS

• Burgeoning artist Miss November 2015 gives new meaning to the term *body art*. Enjoy more of the doe-eyed blonde in an extended photo gallery.

BEACH BOP

• Redfoo recruited a few Playmates including Miss August 2013 **Val Keil** to shimmy in the video for his and Stevie Wonder's groovy dance track "Where the Sun Goes."



SWEET ECSTASY

✦ The Rabbit Head makes a cameo in the latest exhibition by London graffiti artist Zeus, whose series *Love Is a Drug* explores the links between ecstasy, creative expression

and consumerism. The series comprises 36 plaster "MDMA tablets" stamped with famous insignias; the logos of Bugatti, Louis Vuitton and 007 join our Rabbit in the collection.





dear PLAYBOY

COMPLEXITY IS SEXY

"Women on Top" and "Is Female Viagra Here?" (*Talk*, September) are both great articles. It seems to me they're intrinsically linked by the same underlying idea: Complexity goes missing when we approach sex for women the same way we approach it for men. For women, sex is not just about sexy imagery and physical stimulation; as Nora O'Donnell rightly points out, it can be "awkward, passionate and manipulative."

Ava Bogle

Los Angeles, California

It's wonderful to see PLAYBOY highlighting women behind the camera ("Women on Top"). Thank you! Hollywood needs to keep up with the times. It is sometimes shocking to see how an industry that's perceived as progressive—the film business—continues to lag way behind even the most conservative American

institutions. How can it be that only four percent of studio output is directed by humans who happen to have vaginas? It's important to celebrate as more and more women become showrunners. Our media will improve with the addition of their perspectives. Yes, women enjoy sex; yes, we want to do more than fuel the male gaze; yes, we want

to incorporate our sexual lives into a fuller narrative. And we will continue to create stories that are outrageous and provocative—that's the job of a storyteller.

Rachel Feldman

Los Angeles, California

Feldman is an award-winning Hollywood screenwriter and film director.

BORN BAD?

David Hochman's *Playboy Interview* with Dr. Sanjay Gupta (September) is interesting and timely. Gupta points out that steroids can cause violent behavior, but he skips around the fact that genetics researchers have identified a so-called violence gene, also called the warrior gene.

Bob Kerber

Oceanside, California

SHOCK AND FLAWS

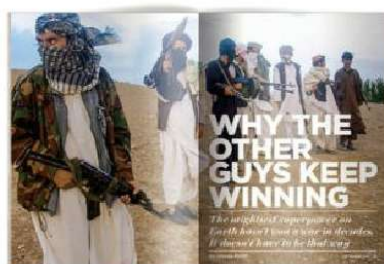
Give Joshua Foust an "attaboy" for his fine article (*Why the Other Guys Keep Winning*, September). It should be required reading for hawks like John McCain and Lindsey Graham who want boots on the ground to defeat ISIS. (Can PLAYBOY send them complimentary copies?) Americans may remember the lies George W. Bush told us about WMDs; we have been lied to about other wars too.

Charles Hayden

Stover, Missouri

Foust's solution for the many foreign policy errors behind the repeated failure of the U.S. to achieve clearly defined military victories is too vague. He implies the need for the U.S. to become intimately familiar with and sensitive to the cultural traditions, religions and political power structures of a region

before it attempts to effect change and thwart potential threats to our national security. This translates into fundamental changes that materialize only with



changes in people's hearts and minds—where the whole issue ultimately resides. However, achieving mutual trust and confidence is virtually impossible when those people do not share with us the ultimate value of life itself.

Stu Luttich

Geneva, Nebraska

GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

If I had been involved in the design of the female-arousal drug flibanserin ("Is Female Viagra Here?," *Talk*, September), the pill would look like a diamond.

David J. Gross

St. Augustine, Florida

DEEP WATERS

World of Playboy touches on important news regarding water safety and water consumption ("Pam's PSA," September). Water is the source of life itself. I'm glad PLAYBOY is addressing this vital issue. Keep up the good work.

Andrew J. Small III

Taylor, Michigan

EAT YOUR VEGGIES

Several women in my family have died of cancer. During their struggles the doctor warned us about smoking cigarettes and eating burned foods, among other things. Maybe eating charred veggies, as Julia Bainbridge suggests in "Char Wars" (*Food*, September), is not such a good idea?

Melvin Beadles Sr.

Murrieta, California

We asked Polly Newcomb, head of the Cancer Prevention Program at Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle. She tells us, "Charring and cooking meat well-done—especially fatty cuts of meat—can result in the formation of carcinogens that may increase the risk of some cancers. These chemicals turn up in grilled as well as broiled and pan-fried meat. So avoid charring fatty cuts and don't eat the blackened bits, as they have the highest concentrations of these carcinogens. Many of the chemicals created when meat is charred are

not formed during the grilling of vegetables and fruits, so you can enjoy them worry-free."

IN-COP-NITO

I've fallen in love with the "officer" posing in the September fashion spread with actor Ed Helms (*Savile Disobedience*). She's serious enough about being left-handed to carry her gun on her left hip and wear her watch on her right. And she's sexy enough to make the Lamborghini Countach in the background look ordinary. Who is she?

Vincent M. D'Addio

Signal Hill, California

That's Miss January 2015 Brittany Ward. She's not entirely undercover in the pictorial—as you can see from her "B. Ward" name tag. And yes, Brittany really is left-handed.



LIZZY'S GOT IT ALL

I've been reading PLAYBOY's 20Q interviews for decades. David Rensin's conversation with actress Lizzy Caplan was the most hilarious ever (July/August). Thank you for letting Caplan show her funny side. She's a beautiful, witty, intelligent woman.

Roger Wooley

Portland, Oregon

THE BIG ELECTRON

Despite George Carlin's accomplishments, he failed at one job: parenting (*Entertainment*, September). Unfortunately, Carlin isn't the only one. As I look through the aging eyes of a grandparent, I want to shout at young parents who seem oblivious to their responsibility: "Can't you see these wonderful creatures who depend on you? Stop your nonsense!"

Richard Rowland

Polo, Illinois

ISMS ABOUND

If only ageism were, as Ashton Applewhite argues, the last acceptable prejudice ("Why Jerry Brown Can't Be President," *Forum*, September). Unfortunately, examples abound for anyone looking for evidence to the contrary. How about Donald Trump's disgusting treatment of Fox reporter Megyn Kelly? Or the treatment of black Americans by the police and other authorities? Sexism, racism and, sure, ageism, are alive and well.

Morton Jauer

Sioux City, Iowa

RED HOT

Miss August Dominique Jane is absolutely breathtaking (*Lady in Red*, July/August). Thanks, Hef.

Mike Strzelczyk

Aurora, Illinois

*Be sure to check her out along with fellow redhead Gia Marie in *Seeing Red*, page 94.*

MANLY MANIA

Joel Stein's "Oh, Man Up Already" (*Men*, September) makes me feel as though I'm being lectured to by a grumpy old man. Too bad Stein doesn't write about relevant issues, such as the growth of Movember, which addresses men's health concerns.

Hutson Tapp

East Lansing, Michigan

FORE!

Raw Data (September) lists U.S. golfer Jordan Spieth as one of the top three most marketable athletes. I disagree. Golf is not a sport; therefore, golfers are not athletes.

Bob Refo

Jacksonville, Florida

Spieth has earned more than \$10 million in winnings this year alone; his bank account, at least, is undeniably athletic.

WHEN SKIES ARE GRAY...

Miss July 2015 is a stunning beauty, a perfect example of an American girl. (*Eternal Sunshine*, July/August). Thank you, PLAYBOY, for bringing some sunshine into my world. Kayla Rae Reid has my vote for 2016 Playmate of the Year.

Kevin McMahon

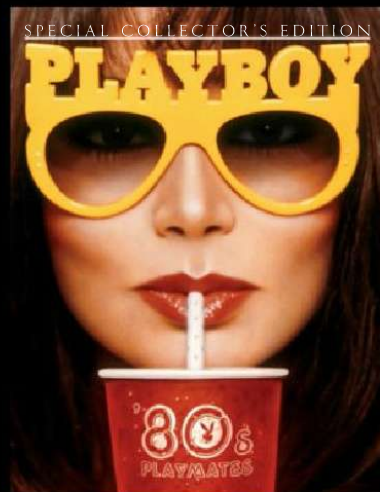
Binghamton, New York



A sunshiny day with Kayla Rae Reid.



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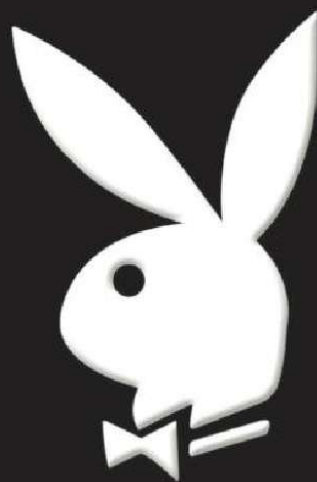
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AFTER HOURS

Photography by
JOSH REED

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Tinashe

→ IF YOU HAVE YET to cue up Tinashe on your "sexy time" playlist, get on it. The singer, who melds breathy R&B vocals with urban pop and indie beats, hit it big this summer with "2 On," a Top 40 chart-topper off her debut album. Now Tinashe hopes to maintain her view from the top with the release of her sophomore album, *Joyride*, which ruminates on "the different relationships between human beings." Says the 22-year-old, "Sexuality has always been part of who I am as an artist—emphasis on *part*. I'm an all-around entertainer, my own creative force, and I'm bringing something fresh to the table."



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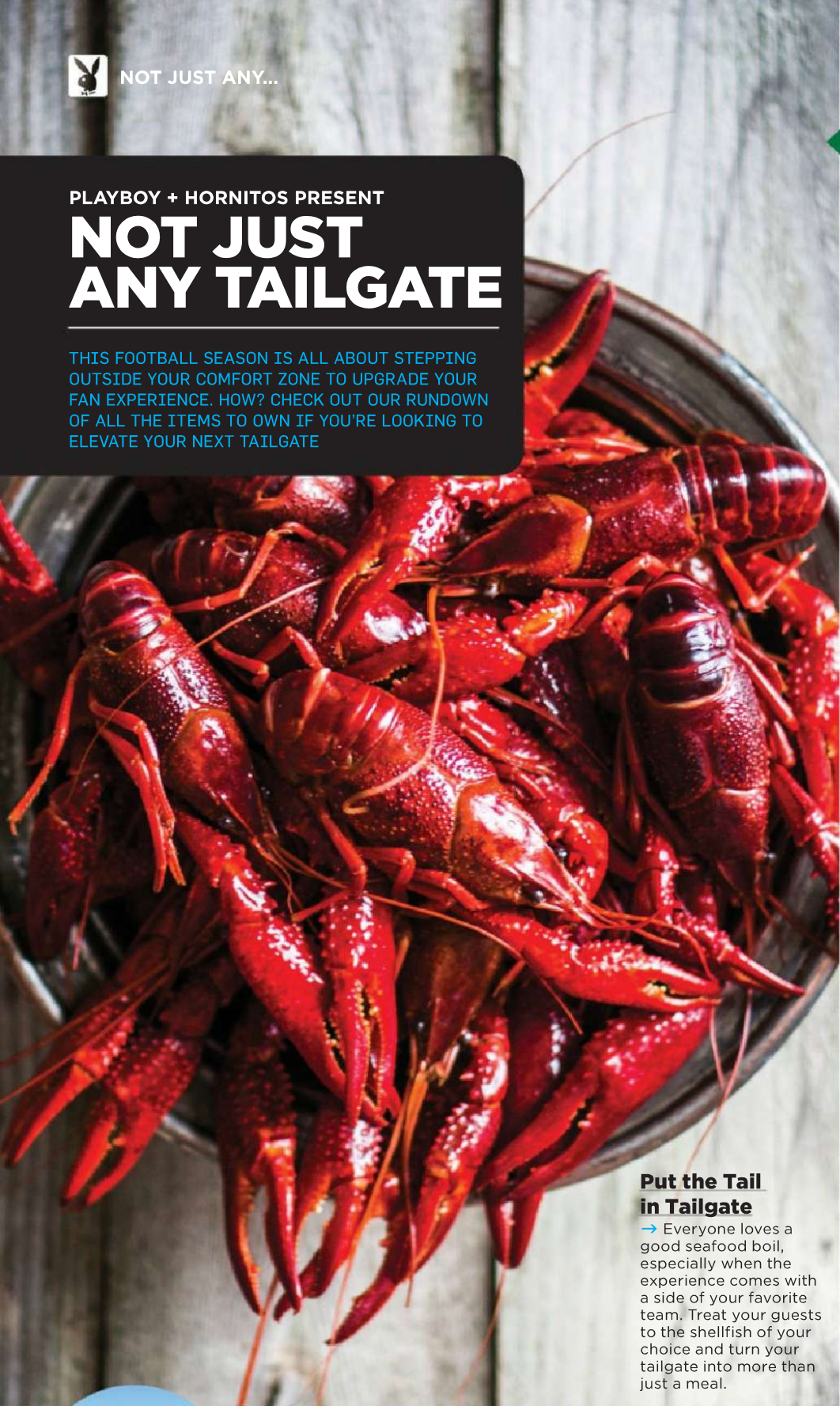


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NOT JUST ANY TAILGATE

THIS FOOTBALL SEASON IS ALL ABOUT STEPPING OUTSIDE YOUR COMFORT ZONE TO UPGRADE YOUR FAN EXPERIENCE. HOW? CHECK OUT OUR RUNDOWN OF ALL THE ITEMS TO OWN IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO ELEVATE YOUR NEXT TAILGATE



Put the Tail in Tailgate

→ Everyone loves a good seafood boil, especially when the experience comes with a side of your favorite team. Treat your guests to the shellfish of your choice and turn your tailgate into more than just a meal.

Gadgets + Gear Game Time



HOV Lane

Why walk when you can ride? The future of transportation is here. Hop on a LeviBoard hands-free scooter and say goodbye to those never-ending walks to and from the stadium.

\$599, leviboard.com



Hanging Out

→ Comfort is king, even at a tailgate. Hammaka offers portable chairs and hammocks that let you bring leisure on the go. Take the easy-to-assemble Tripod Stand and Chair Combo to every game to make sure you're never without a seat.

\$280, hammaka.com



The Cool Kids

→ Coolest, the most-funded Kickstarter campaign of 2014, features everything you need for a tailgate built into the actual cooler. Beyond the basics, we're talking a blender, removable speakers, LED lighting and a cocktail guide with customized Spotify playlists.

\$485, coolest.com



MANSION ON DEMAND

LUXURY TAILGATING AT ITS FINEST

→ In partnership with Georgia Southern University, Gameday Traditions introduced "mini-mansions," 400-square-foot tailgating suites that fit up to 50 party people. Pull up to your rented home away from home and enjoy the game with satellite HD TVs, a wet bar, AC, furnished outdoor space and more. gamedaytraditions.com

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TALK | WHAT MATTERS NOW

The Drunk History of PLAYBOY

On Comedy Central's vaguely historical sketch series ***Drunk History***, a rotating cast of Hollywood A-listers delivers boozy lectures on American icons including Honest Abe, Billy the Kid and Elvis. We asked its creator to tackle our favorite subject

By
Derek
Waters





The Evolution of the Playmate

My (Sober) History With Playboy

I still remember the smell of the PLAYBOYS I found in my dad's secret hiding place. It was the first time I thought my dad was cool. A magazine that showed beautiful women posing nude, plus hilarious cartoons, jokes and in-depth interviews with people you wanted to hang out with? PLAYBOY was the bible for men. When I was a kid, it was the common thread among friends. There was always that one kid whose dad had the most copies, and everybody was friends with that kid. Poor guy didn't realize how many friends he owed to his dad's subscription. (Does such a friendship even exist now? It's so easy to find nude pictures these days.) I was hooked back then and remain a lover and a fan. As a kid, you'd hide your PLAYBOYS. As an adult, you display them so your party guests think you're smart.



If you look at a Playmate from the 1970s (say Miss March 1971 Cynthia Hall) and compare her with a recent Playmate (Miss March 2015 Chelsie Aryn, for example), there are some obvious differences. The style of woman has changed over the years. As a 36-year-old man, I wanted to see if the times had also changed my tastes and turn-ons. So I... "tested"... myself. I tested to see if a Playmate from 2015 would do the same thing to me as one from back in the day. Now, granted, this is not just

any kind of woman. These are Playmates. I passed the test—but I think the only reason I did is because one thing has remained the same: how Playmates look at you. There is always eye contact. They look at us as if to say, "You know what? You might have a chance with me." (It probably helps that it's just a photograph; you can't tell if she has an annoying voice or is saying something sarcastic.) A woman's eye contact makes a man very happy. I'm glad I took the test, but, you know, I had a dark thought afterward: Is it fucked-up that I just did that to a picture that was taken before I was born?



1960s

1970s

1980s

1990s

2000s

2010s

AWKWARD LAUGHTER

Has comedy changed? Nope. The *Party Jokes* in PLAYBOY have always been one of my favorite "articles"—though I still find it disturbing to laugh while I have a boner. And I can probably speak for all men when I say that reading *Party Jokes* is probably the only time we laugh while having an erection. Good job, PLAYBOY.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Derek Matthew Waters
 BUST: 34D WAIST: 32" HIPS: They don't lie.
 HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 150 lbs.
 BIRTH DATE: 7/30/79 BIRTHPLACE: Baltimore, Maryland
 AMBITIONS: To be a Playmate.
 TURN-ONS: Strength. Emotionally, no bodybuilders.
 TURNOFFS: No sense of humor... and bodybuilders.
 FAVORITE MOVIES: Waiting for Guffman, Boogie Nights, Back to the Future, Sling Blade and every Frederick Wiseman documentary.
 IDEAL EVENING: Hanging out with someone who makes me laugh and think, followed by going out to various caves. I'm chill like that.
 WHAT I LISTEN TO: Pearl Jam, the White Buffalo, Bruce Springsteen, Otis Redding and Arthur Alexander.
 FAVORITE FOOD: Maryland crabs.



Did You Know?

PLAYBOY comes in braille! It makes sense, but I never knew. The first edition was printed in 1970, but in December 1985 the Library of Congress removed it from its roster of 36 braille magazines. In August 1986, however, U.S. District Judge Thomas F. Hogan ruled this a violation of the First Amendment and ordered braille production to resume. One imagines it was a difficult eight months for the blind with no PLAYBOY. Only the text is translated into braille, which is unfortunate, because I would love to see—and feel—braille Playmates.



Nip Slip.



If Powder had a mustache.



Top Gun outtake.

MASTERS OF SEX? NOT REALLY

It's fun to read old PLAYBOYS and see that men still ask the *Playboy Advisor* the same questions about women that were asked decades ago. When will we ever learn? Let's not be cliché dumb guys anymore. Can't we just admit we'll never understand women? I think if we acknowledge that, we'll all be fine. Still clueless, but less dumb.

2012

when our passionate lovemaking is interrupted by her inability to reach orgasm.—R.P., Grand Rapids, Michigan

1986

My wife has not been able to have satisfying orgasms without the use of such exotic paraphernalia as whips, chains and vibrators.

1992

Settle an argument: What is multiple orgasm? My friend says his wife has four or five orgasms every time they have sex.

1983

all that time, I have never had an orgasm from intercourse. My

1993

about a couple of things: How common are multiple orgasms, and are the



The Intro & Outro to Pubic Hair

We've got bush!" I'll never forget the first time I saw a naked girl: It was in *Revenge of the Nerds*. I often wonder what other movie has blessed my generation in the same way. I don't think about it enough to research it, but it brings up a good question: What the hell happened to women's pubic hair? The first issue of *PLAYBOY* that clearly showed pubic hair was January 1971, featuring Playmate Liv Lindeland, in the midst

of the so-called Pubic Wars between *Penthouse* and *PLAYBOY*. It's been a while since I saw a photo of a naked woman with pubic hair (hat tip to Miss February 2015 Kayslee Collins), and I'm not a Burning Man type of guy, but I do wonder why we lost something that worked for such a long time. Playmates of yore have something natural that I don't see anymore. Modern Playmates are beautiful, but I think their lack of pubic hair is something our recent culture has forced on them.

When Things Got Hare-y

» Hugh Hefner has accomplished many things no other man has, but his greatest feat may be that he made a rabbit sexy. A rabbit! I've never looked at the Easter bunny and gotten a hard-on, but *PLAYBOY* is so powerful that it made a fucking rabbit sexy. You have to be a genius to look at a rodent and say, "You know, it's sort of sexy. Not so much the eyes, the legs, the nose or the feet...but those ears and tail are damn sexy. Sold. A bunny will be our mascot." What else is there to say? Well done, Hef.



REAL TALK

» On *Drunk History*, my goal isn't simply to get the narrators blind drunk. It's to make them feel so comfortable they forget they're telling a story and instead just talk openly. That's why I'm inspired by the *Playboy Interview*. The interviews are my (second) favorite part of the magazine. The best are when the subject is comfortable enough to be perfectly frank and honest; most people know *PLAYBOY* has a smart audience and doesn't pass judgment. How else can you explain why Martin Luther King Jr. chose to do the *Playboy Interview* in 1965? If you have some spare time, check it out.



Last Call

» The best ideas are the ones that know what they are. *PLAYBOY* has always known what it is and who it is trying to reach. "If you're a man between the ages of 18 and 80, *PLAYBOY* is meant for you," Hef wrote in the first issue. He also went into how it isn't a family magazine (which is weird, because the first *PLAYBOY* I saw was read to me by my parents). I love two things: history and naked women. I'm all about *PLAYBOY*'s history. Let's do it next season on *Drunk History*. I ask you, the reader: Who *has* to be featured in it?

THE NEWGRONI

THE RECENTLY REVIVED ITALIAN COCKTAIL IS BEING REINVENTED THE WORLD OVER

• A few years ago, cocktail geeks proved their insider status by ordering a negroni, that perfectly balanced, sweet-and-sour, bracing combination of equal parts gin, Campari and sweet vermouth. Fast forward to today, when numerous bartenders have been inspired to create variations on the classic that up the ante but still deliver that *agrodolce* deliciousness. Here are three to satisfy your inner cocktailian.

THE SBAGLIATO

2 oz. sweet vermouth
2 oz. Campari
4 oz. prosecco
Tool: mixing spoon
Glass: collins
Garnish: orange wheel

Add vermouth and Campari to ice-filled glass. Top with prosecco. Stir to combine. Garnish.

THE WHITE NEGRONI

2 oz. gin
1 oz. Lillet Blanc
1 oz. Suze
Tool: mixing spoon
Glass: rocks
Garnish: lemon peel

Add ingredients to ice-filled glass. Stir to combine. Garnish.

THE IMPROVED NEGRONI

2 oz. gin
1.5 oz. Cocchi Americano
1 oz. Campari
Tools: mixing glass, mixing spoon, strainer
Glass: rocks
Garnish: orange twist

Combine ingredients in mixing glass over ice. Stir to a slow count of 10. Strain into ice-filled glass. Garnish.





SWISS + MADE



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1



3



2



5



4



6

WORKING BLUE

WHATEVER WATCH STYLE YOU PREFER, THIS FALL YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 50 SHADES OF BLUE

• Timepieces are hitting a blue note, from smoky shades of indigo to crisp cobalt and navy. Clean lines and subtle stylings strike a 1960s beat, as seen in TAG Heuer's updated version of the Monaco favored by Steve McQueen and the low-key vibe of Oris's tribute to the jazzman who brought it all home with "Round Midnight."

—Vincent Boucher

1. GOLDEN HOUR

• Nautica's NCT 15-function automatic watch has a brushed-steel case accented with rose gold and a crocodile-print-embossed leather band.

\$165

nautica.com

2. PLY THE FIELD

• With a self-illuminated ice-blue dial, the Luminox Field Valjoux chronograph comes in black-coated stainless steel with a leather band and is water-resistant to 100 meters.

\$2,400

luminox.com

3. BOLD TIMER

• Vintage styling marks this Murren automatic chronograph from Bulova Accu-Swiss, made of stainless steel with an anti-reflective sapphire crystal.

\$2,295

bulovaaccu-swiss.com

4. STYLE SQUARED

• TAG Heuer's Calibre 12 automatic chronograph has counters at three and nine o'clock and a sapphire crystal backing that reveals the Swiss-made movement.

\$5,350

shop-us.tag-heuer.com

5. HUE'S CUES

• The clean-lined Waterbury series from Timex adds this chronograph in stainless steel with 50-meter water resistance and an Indiglo night light.

\$120

timex.com

6. MIDNIGHT MOOD

• From Oris, the Thelonious Monk Limited Edition, with a hazy blue dial of asymmetrically arranged markers, is a nod to the master's dissonant harmonies.

\$1,900

oris.ch

To some, sunglasses are a fashion accessory...

But When Driving, These Sunglasses May Save Your Life!

Drivers' Alert: Driving in fall and winter can expose you to the most dangerous glare... do you know how to protect yourself?

In the fall and winter, the sun is lower in the sky so it rises and sets at peak travel periods. During the early morning and afternoon rush hours many drivers find themselves temporarily blinded while driving directly into the glare of the sun. Deadly accidents are regularly caused by such blinding glare with danger arising from reflected light off another vehicle or snowy and icy pavement. Yet, motorists struggle on despite being blinded by the sun's glare that can cause countless accidents every year.

Not all sunglasses are created equal. Protecting your eyes is serious business. With all the fancy fashion frames out there it can be easy to overlook what really matters—the lenses. So we did our research and looked to the very best in optic innovation and technology.

Sometimes it does take a rocket scientist. A NASA rocket scientist. Some ordinary sunglasses can obscure your vision by exposing your eyes to harmful UV rays, blue light, and reflective glare. They can also darken useful vision-enhancing light. But now, independent research conducted by scientists from NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory has brought forth ground-breaking technology to help protect human eyesight from the harmful effects of



Slip on a pair of Eagle Eyes® and everything instantly appears more vivid and sharp. You'll immediately notice that your eyes are more comfortable and relaxed and you'll feel no need to squint. These scientifically designed sunglasses are not just fashion accessories for the summer; they are necessary to protect your eyes from those harmful rays produced by the sun in the winter.

solar radiation light. This superior lens technology was first discovered when NASA scientists looked to nature for a means to superior eye protection—specifically, by studying the eyes of eagles, known for their extreme visual acuity. This discovery resulted in what is now known as Eagle Eyes®.

The Only Sunglass Technology Certified by the Space Foundation for UV and Blue-Light Eye Protection.

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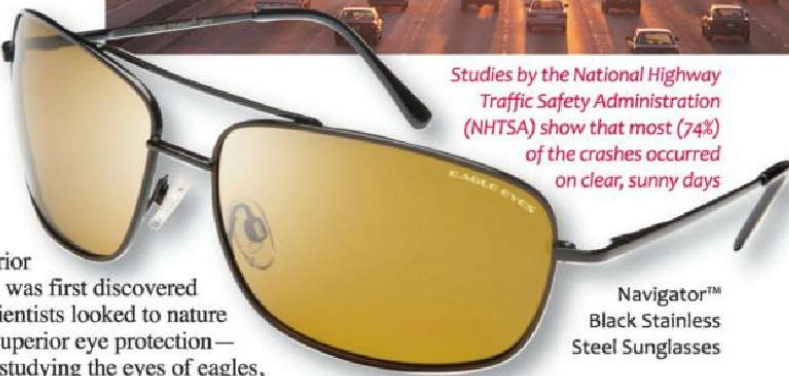
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Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. If you are not astounded with the Eagle Eyes® technology, enjoying clearer, sharper and more glare-free vision, simply return one pair within 60 days for a full refund of the purchase price. The other pair is yours to keep. No one else has such confidence in their optic technology. Don't leave your eyes in the hands of fashion designers, entrust them to the best scientific minds



Studies by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) show that most (74%) of the crashes occurred on clear, sunny days



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AMERICAN MUSCLE

THE FORD MUSTANG AND CHEVROLET CAMARO RIVALRY PICKS UP HEAT

• In the annals of American rivalries, the Camaro–Mustang face-off is as significant to car buffs as the Yankees vs. Red Sox tradition is to baseball fans. For nearly five decades, the two vehicles have battled, clawed and fought for the title of best American muscle car. The bulk of the competition has played out in Detroit, where engineers from Ford and Chevy obsessively tweak everything from the cars' appearance to those zero-to-60 times. With the recent rollout of the sixth-generation Camaro and sixth-generation Mustang, the Motor City rivalry is more relevant—and intense—than ever.

Powerwise, the 2016 Chevy muscle car (pictured below) enters the race with a slight edge over Ford's new pony (above). The Camaro, the reigning five-year sales champ of the two, starts with a 275-horsepower two-liter turbo model and scales up to a 335-horsepower 3.6-liter V6 and even a 455-horsepower LT1 6.2-liter V8. The Mustang stable includes a new 310-horsepower 2.3-liter

eco-boost engine, a 300-horsepower 3.7-liter V6 and a 435-horsepower five-liter V8.

After having a chance to test-drive new models of both the Camaro and the Mustang, it's clear that performance has improved substantially all around, most noticeably in how stable and nimble the cars feel on the road. It's the exterior designs that will be the deciding factor for most buyers. The sixth-gen Mustang, first unveiled in 2013 as a 2015 model, was designed as a more modern spin reminiscent of the classic Ford fastbacks from the 1960s. The sixth-gen Camaro makes its debut this year as a 2016 model; the team behind it stuck with a slimmer, more chiseled take on the previous body.

We're betting that most new buyers will opt for the fresher-faced Mustang over the angular Camaro. But diehard fans of both cars will find more than enough American muscle under the hood to cheer about in their new players, which is likely to fuel the debate over which one is better for years to come.—*Marcus Amick*

STATS
2016 CHEVROLET CAMARO SS
Engine: 6.2-liter V8
Horsepower: 455
Torque: 455 lb.-ft.
Zero to 60: est. 4.5 sec.
MPG: est. 16 city/25 hwy.
Price: \$37,295 base

STATS
2016 FORD MUSTANG GT
Engine: 5-liter V8
Horsepower: 435
Torque: 400 lb.-ft.
Zero to 60: 4.5 sec.
MPG: 15 city/25 hwy.
Price: \$32,300 base



HOT WHEELS

TECHNOLOGY TAKES ON WHEEL THIEVES



→ A sweet set of car wheels carries a hefty price tag—and makes an attractive target for thieves. A company called Project Overlord has created a system to prevent predators from snatching those pricey chrome pieces off your ride. The device, called RimTech, uses built-in GPS, a motion sensor and a camera attached to the tire to alert car owners if their property is compromised. When a would-be thief gets closer than three inches or moves the tire just three millimeters, an alarm sounds and the owner is notified via smartphone. If the wheel is removed, the system alerts the owner and law enforcement and tracks the stolen goods, providing police with their location to within 10 feet.

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PICTURE PERFECT

INTERNET-CONNECTED CAMERAS STEP UP YOUR INSTAGRAM GAME

The rise of smartphone photography is a blessing and a curse. Now anyone can snap and post from his pocket. Then again, *anyone can snap and post from his pocket*. Our feeds are bombarded with blurry and blown-out images—there has to be a better way. Thankfully some cameras, *real* cameras, now have onboard wireless connections, so uploading well-framed, in-focus photos can finally become the norm.—*Corinne Iozzio*



IN-HAND INSTAGRAM

→ Equal parts nostalgia and tech, the **Polaroid Socialmatic** (\$300, polaroid.com) lets you have your photos and share them too. Connected to a wi-fi network or a smartphone via Bluetooth, images from either the 14-megapixel front-facing or two-megapixel rear-facing camera upload in seconds. Plus there's an onboard printer to share snaps the old-fashioned way.

SOUPED-UP SMARTPHONE

→ Think of the **Samsung Galaxy Camera 2** (\$400, samsung.com) as the love child of one of the world's most popular smartphone lines and a 16-megapixel, 21x-zoom shooter. On top of features such as image stabilization and shooting modes (there's one specifically for selfies), you get embedded wi-fi and Android apps, including Facebook and Instagram.

QUICK SHARE

→ Shooting action requires serious speed, and the **Nikon 1 J5** (\$500, nikonusa.com) has that in spades. It can capture 20 20.8-megapixel shots per second (faster than many high-end digital SLRs), focusing continuously on darting objects such as cars, football players or an energetic Labrador. A wi-fi connection sends finished work to a phone or tablet for lickety-split uploads.

SEMI PRO

→ Pairing a **Canon EOS Rebel T6i** (\$900, usa.canon.com) with your phone over wi-fi does more than transfer pics onto an internet-ready vessel; it also turns your phone into a remote control for the 24.2-megapixel digital SLR. From there, you can check the viewfinder, adjust the ISO, aperture and other settings, and trigger the shutter. An ultra-fast hybrid autofocus ensures subjects are always sharp.

BONUS: INSTANT UPGRADE

→ If you're happy with your shooter but still want an easier way to let your photos loose online, consider an **Eyefi Mobi memory card** (\$30 to \$100, eyefi.com). The SD cards, which range from eight to 32 gigs, have their own wi-fi radios, so shots can sync with a smartphone, a tablet or the cloud.

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

SPECTRE

By Stephen Rebello

• In many ways, *SPECTRE*—the 24th 007 movie produced by Eon Productions—sounds like a return to 1960s-era James Bond films. There's that throwback title, which stands for Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion, a reference to the evil international organization that several previous 007s battled against; there's Christoph Waltz as a shadowy German bad guy (see page 45 for Waltz's *Playboy Interview*), and there's a plot that resonates with elements of Bond's personal history. "*SPECTRE* is

Skyfall times 10," says Dave Bautista (*Guardians of the Galaxy*), a former MMA star and professional wrestler who plays beefy, deady, well-tailored *SPECTRE* henchman Mr. Hinx. "As much as director Sam Mendes tapped into something nostalgic with *Skyfall*, he tapped into that a lot more with this one. It has the feel of an old Bond movie but in a more exciting, bigger, faster-paced way. Daniel Craig is like Sean Connery—sex, testosterone and vulnerability, a man's man who looks like he's been in more than a few bar fights. I didn't have scenes with Monica Bellucci, but I saw her on the set, a drop-dead gorgeous woman. I do have scenes with Léa Seydoux. She's beautiful, delicate featured, just an incredibly sexy woman and a really good actress. All the characters, including mine, are a lot more memorable in this one."



TEASE FRAME

Rose Leslie

→ As Ygritte on *Game of Thrones* (pictured), Rose Leslie has hot cave sex with Jon Snow. See her as a young witch in *The Last Witch Hunter* with Vin Diesel.

IN YOUR LIVING ROOM

COBAIN: MONTAGE OF HECK

By David Reddish

• Director Brett Morgen smashes through the rock-idol mystique of the Nirvana frontman in this comprehensive documentary, revealing Kurt Cobain as a sad, tortured artist by using his journals and artwork to recreate his life. Morgen tackles the "Smells Like Teen Spirit" and "Come As You Are" singer with the same vigor and creativity he tapped to chronicle Robert Evans

in 2002's *The Kid Stays in the Picture*. Interviews with Cobain's mother, other relatives, friends, wife Courtney Love and bandmate Krist Novoselic illuminate how a depressed junkie genius destroyed the rock milieu and himself. The movie also helps dispel various conspiracy theories about Cobain's death, revealing just how many times he attempted suicide before succeed-

ing. It's one of the best documentaries of the year and will undoubtedly remain the definitive cinematic account of the grunge pioneer. (BD) **Best extras:** deleted scenes, more of Cobain's home movies (including a comedy short) and unreleased Nirvana tracks. ★★★



THE 33

Lou Diamond Phillips relives the 2010 Chilean mine disaster on-screen



Q: *The 33* is a fact-based film about the collapse of a Chilean gold and copper mine that trapped 33 workers for two months. How tough was the shooting?

A: We shot in difficult conditions for 12 hours a day. I lost 18 pounds in three weeks. It was an ordeal, but it created a bond among all of us that replicated the kind of brotherhood these miners needed to survive.

Q: Your most dramatic scenes are with Antonio Banderas, who plays a rallying miner. Did he have the same effect on the cast?

A: Antonio was a unifying force—warm, magnanimous and open to everyone. Gosh, I get it now. Spend two more minutes talking to Antonio Banderas and my panties would have been off.

Q: An estimated 1 billion people around the world watched these harrowing events on TV. Was it hard to shake off the movie every day?

A: The production was such an immersion into reality that I thanked the universe I wasn't actually a miner. It reminds you to be grateful for a precious breath of fresh air, a good meal, being able to feel the sun on your skin.—S.R.



MUST-WATCH TV

ASH VS. EVIL DEAD

By Josef Adalian

• Two years after a so-so feature reboot, *The Evil Dead* franchise is finally getting a revival worthy of Sam Raimi's original 1981 cult classic. It helps that this version, produced and directed by Raimi, actually brings back original lead Bruce Campbell as reluctant demon warrior Ash Williams. Irresponsible (and horny) as ever, our hero has inadvertently reawakened the forces of evil, setting the stage for weekly showdowns with superscary sinister spirits. The blood and gore are plentiful; the chills, genuine. But what makes *Ash* a winner—and accessible for non-fanboys—is its equally well-developed comedic sensibility. Raimi wants to frighten the hell out of his audience *and* make them roar with laughter. He succeeds wildly on both counts. 🍌🍌🍌

GAMES

FALL-OUT 4

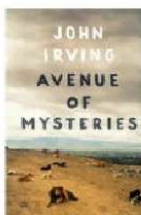
By Harold Goldberg

• As far as post-apocalyptic games go, *Fallout* is the atom bomb, and *Fallout 4* (PC, PS4, Xbox One) may be the series' masterpiece. Beginning in a 2077 setting that feels like 1950s suburbia gone horribly awry, you emerge from a New England fallout shelter 200 years later. The game is a massive undertaking: One of the producers claims it has more than 400 hours of gameplay, which, if true, would make *Fallout* the longest game ever created. It certainly feels that big as you wander a dystopian Boston overrun with mutants and bandits. Base-building, a new addition to the series, lets you construct and protect your town. You'll also build weapons such as a baseball bat with a chain saw tip. Luckily, you won't fight feral ghouls and super-mutants alone. Man's best friend, Dogmeat, will help you, the Sole Survivor, through this astonishing miasma of destruction and, occasionally, hope. It's one of the year's best games. 🍌🍌🍌

BOOKS

AVENUE OF MYSTERIES

By Cat Auer



• Fantastic characters and a beautifully woven, tightly laced plot make John Irving's latest novel, his 14th, a joy to read.

The narrative hops between the past and present of Juan Diego Guerrero, a writer who grew up with his mind-reading sister Lupe in a Oaxacan dump, a Catholic orphanage and a local circus. Now traveling to the Philippines from New York, Juan Diego misses a dose of beta-blockers, unleashing a flurry of vivid dreams and childhood memories in which Lupe's fate is gradually revealed, as is how he finally left Mexico as an adolescent. His current journey, meanwhile, intertwines with that of two alluring women—possibly mother and daughter, perhaps otherworldly, probably dangerous. Populated with miracles, ghosts, protective priests and a perverted lion tamer, *Avenue of Mysteries* reminds readers that the path to the future is paved by choices of the past. 🍌🍌🍌



MUSIC

ARMS AROUND A VISION

By Rob Tannenbaum

• The snootiest music fans we know, even the bloggers, haven't caught on to Girls Names, a quartet from Belfast, Ireland that has been releasing music prolifically since 2010. And to be honest, it took us a while before we could tell the group apart from Girl Band, a quartet from Dublin. (This helped: Girls Names have a woman in the band, while Girl Band doesn't.) But the strapping new album *Arms Around a Vision* deserves to break Girls Names out of alt-rock anonymity. The music evokes two

ends of 1980s rock from different continents: The clanking guitars bite like chiggers and recall *Sister*-era Sonic Youth, while the hypnotic grooves of "A Hunger Artist" and "Desire Oscillations," pushed along by bass player Claire Miskimmin, deserve comparison to the postpunk twitch of Magazine and the Cure. "My skin crawling, yet I feel so alive," singer Cathal Cully hoots, hitching Girls Names to another grand music tradition: being miserable and ecstatic at the same time. 🍌🍌🍌



Some mistakes are SKIN-DEEP

24%

of Americans have tattoos;

78%

have no regrets about their ink, meaning that

22%

have "ragrets."



104 million

Viewership for Beyoncé's Super Bowl halftime show.

50 million

Average viewership for Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

37.8 million

Viewership for President Barack Obama's 2009 inauguration.

25.4 million

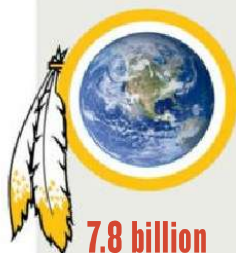
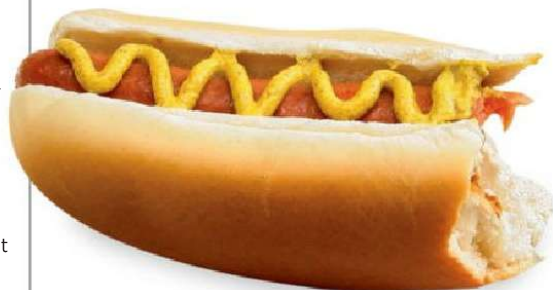
Viewership for the 2015 Women's World Cup U.S.-Japan final.

11.9 million

Viewership for *The Sopranos* finale.

HOW TO BITE a DOG

According to the National Hot Dog and Sausage Council, it should take no more than **5** bites to finish a hot dog and **7** bites to finish a foot-long.



7.8 billion

Number of people the Redskins publicity department claimed had read about the team online.

7.3 billion

Number of humans on the entire planet.

"LOVE IS A SMOKE"

Number of pipes containing traces of cannabis that were unearthed in William Shakespeare's garden in Stratford-Upon-Avon:

4



6

3...2...1 LIFTOFF!

Samples of whiskey the Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency is sending into space for an experiment to test how booze mellows in microgravity.



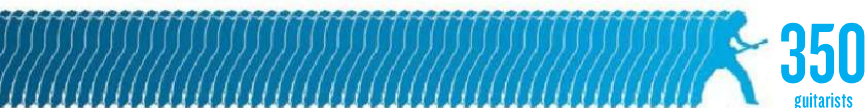
1 in 5

Probability that a pigeon will poop on you during a two-hour walk in NYC.



DON'T DO IT
\$74,000

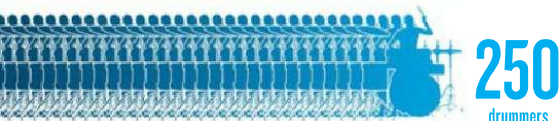
Fine Nike must pay for placing a promotional jersey on a statue of Winston Churchill.



350
guitarists



250
singers



250
drummers



150
bassists

Wooing THE FOOS

1,000 musicians gathered in Cesena, Italy to play the Foo Fighters' "Learn to Fly" in a bid to get the band to perform in the town. (It worked.)



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STEP AWAY FROM THE CAMERA

THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE FOR FILMING YOURSELF. NO, WAIT, THERE'S NOT

The last time I was at my mom's house, she dumped out all her photos and told me to take whatever I wanted. A normal son would worry that this meant his mom might have cancer, but my mother is Jewish and therefore is always telling me she might have cancer. She had mentioned neither an oddly shaped mole nor a suspicious stomachache the entire week. She simply realized she never looks at old pictures and never will.

My mom has way too many images of her life, despite spending the vast majority of it without a camera phone and all of it without a GoPro. So I cannot figure out what bros are planning to do with all the video they're shooting with their HERO4s. I see them everywhere, documenting unheroic moments. Like when they're hiking. Or golfing. Or attending a concert. Or—and this is most unforgivable—playing with their children.

Yes, I'm sad that so many of the world's greatest moments haven't been documented on film—the premieres of Shakespeare's plays, Columbus landing in the New World, other times Kim Kardashian has had sex. So if you are now or have ever been a cast member of *Jackass*, you have permission to GoPro anything. If you're a Russian worried about a con artist backing into your car, plant one on your windshield. If you're BASE jumping, hanging out with lions or BASE jumping with lions, by all means. If you are even a distant relative of any Knieval—no questions asked.

But the rest of you need to unstrap your Chesty, unmount your helmet cam, un-Velcro your wrist and, for God's sake, take the \$60 Fetch dog harness off your pit bull. I have seen one video from a dog's perspective, and all I learned from it is that canines befriended humans because dogs are so boring they're even boring to other dogs.

Legitimate sports gear is constantly leaking out unnecessarily into the non-sports world. Every so often this is good,

as in the case of yoga pants. But usually it's horrifying: sneakers paired with suits, fishhooks on baseball caps, grown men wearing jerseys with players' names on the back, the entire 1980s (leg warmers, sweatbands, wristbands and those giant eyeglasses that I assume were meant for racquetball). So whereas a few years ago, when the only people using GoPros were doing high-chair endos on their Yamaha V-Maxes, now shirtless dudes on my hike in Hollywood need to document their ability to walk uphill.

I saw more than one guy at Legoland with a head-mounted GoPro, looking like a miner that a Lego miner would beat up. No one needs moving images of anything that happens in Legoland. This is a place where all the rides are slow enough to capture with a daguerreotype. If there are GoPros at Legoland, there are definitely guys GoProing weeklong meditation retreats.

Even astronauts can become boring when they get a GoPro. Several of them threw some water at a camera and stared at the sphere in awe, as if in their decades of high-level science education they missed all the lessons about surface tension. "That's so wild!" says astronaut Reid Wiseman—about a camera shooting through water, not about the fact that he's living outside Earth's atmosphere. No matter how brilliant you are, a GoPro makes all men seem like Seth Rogen. One of the most popular videos on GoPro's YouTube channel shows a pancake being flipped from the perspective of a spatula. I had to smoke four bowls just to write that sentence.

Here's the reason your GoProing is annoying: It causes you to perform. Everyone is suddenly James Cameron, barreling through life as if they were in charge

of a \$100 million action film. I'm just trying to ski, but you're capturing a once-in-a-lifetime moment, so I have to duck under the stick with your camera on it. We are no longer a community of skiers; I am an extra in the 8 millionth hour of the world's worst movie, called YouTube.

Excessive GoProing is a male problem. Just as women take too many selfies to show off how hot they are, dudes shoot video to show off any skills they've acquired. GoProing appeals to the pathetic part of men that still needs Mom to look at us before we cannonball into a pool. It also appeals to the part of men that wants to strap cameras to inanimate objects to see how they would see the world. It shows a tremendous amount of restraint and economic sacrifice that GoPro doesn't sell a penis mount.

Worse, the type of man who GoPros is exactly the type of man who shouldn't be empowered by a GoPro. These cameras aren't giving voice to shy, smart, funny people. They're making dudes who are already too noticeable even more noticeable. If each art medium were at a party—paintbrushes telling the pretty girl how pretty she is, typewriters drinking whiskey in the corner and looking at the pretty girl, drum kits actually making out with the pretty girl—the GoPro would be doing a keg stand, lighting its farts on fire and laughing at the lines from *Family Guy* he's simultaneously quoting.

So be aware, bro, that no matter how sweet the footage from your rad adventure trip to Costa Rica, when you post it online you've just done the modern version of boring your dinner guests with slides of your vacation. Only they're not even watching. No matter what they claim in the YouTube comments. ■

BY
JOEL
STEIN



RAUL ALLEN

ABOUT YOUR MOM...

WHEN THE WOMEN IN YOUR LIFE DISAGREE, TREAD CAREFULLY AND CHOOSE WISELY

Okay, let's just get into it (*deep breath*): your parents. We have to visit them. I know we do. It's an unwritten agreement we have entered into as a couple. But that doesn't make it easy. I mean, your dad can be dealt with. Dads have a few quirks—like maybe we can't talk or move during a Texas Longhorns football game or wear black-soled shoes in his new car (he got a great deal on the light interior)—but ultimately they're easy. I just have to make it through his incredibly long, tortuously boring story about the deal he got on the light interior. Act impressed. Smile. Ask him to retell that story at some point in the near future and he'll think I'm great. "You've got a good one here!"

Moms, on the other hand, are a lot harder. They know all the tricks. They have not just read but *written* the play-book. Nothing is going to get by them. And you are of no help to us. Whereas you know your dad is annoying—I mean, you have seen him eat an entire dinner roll with his mouth open, an im-

pressive feat—you still think your mom is perfect. FYI, she's not. Definitely not. And my mom isn't perfect either, but I know it. And my therapist knows it. Nobody has a perfect mom. I just want you to realize it too, perhaps over the eight-year-old bagels your mother has dug out of the freezer even though we volunteered/begged to get fresh ones.

Visiting your parents is like traveling to the land of How We Did Things from the land of How We Do Things Now. And that's what makes visiting them so hard. You revert back to who you used to be. Your mom does your laundry, cuts off your pancake crusts and makes us sleep in separate beds (even though we spend every night together); she is the boss. In the land of How We Do Things Now, I am, of course, the boss. And the boss says pancakes do not even have crusts! I once really got into it with my boyfriend's mom. And by "really getting into it" I mean we had a sugary sweet nice-on-the-surface passive-aggressive discussion without even raising our voices or putting down our utensils. She: "So you guys are coming back for Father's Day, right?" Me: "I might have to work." She: "Well, we always do a Father's Day BBQ." Me: "Sounds fun, but I probably have to work." She: "We always do a Father's Day BBQ." Me: "Yeah, it's gonna be tough this year." She: "You guys will come." Everyone at the table finally exhales. Beat. Me (not letting it go): "Yeah, well, I can't really commit to that." She: "You'll come." Me: "Probably

not." Beat. Beat. Beat. Nervous shifting in seats. Forks scraping on plates. She: "We'll see." She'd done it. She'd pulled out a "we'll see"! In a passive-aggressive argument, "We'll see" is akin to a TKO. As soon as I was alone with my boyfriend, I told him we were not coming back for the BBQ under any circumstances. We would just send his dad a card and forget to call until the end of the day like every other self-absorbed 30-something in America.

Cut to the following June, when we were back for the Father's Day BBQ. She won. And the victory was not lost on anyone. I took it pretty hard. She gloated by serving me delicious cocktails and apple pie made with locally grown apples. How dare she!

I was getting worked up over the weekend, and my boyfriend, who had totally taken her side before, finally said, "Look, I'm sorry she gets so nuts about this stuff." And just like that, I felt better. That was enough. It was enough for me to stop pouting and enjoy the truly lovely weekend. Turns out, I just needed my boyfriend

to acknowledge that his mother wasn't perfect. That it wasn't reasonable of her to demand we fly across the country for Father's Day (a day that doesn't even celebrate her!). That she could be intense and wrong and stubborn. I didn't want him to admit this so I could be right, but so I could also be intense and wrong and stubborn too. If a guy thinks his mom is perfect, no woman will ever be able to live up to that. But if a guy can love his mom *and* accept her flaws, then he can accept mine.

So when you're visiting your folks and your dad is telling that light-interior-deal story again and your mom has just served a Jell-O "salad," tell your lady it annoys you too. Tell her it annoys you that for a weekend (or God forbid a week) you have to thaw your baked goods, use pillows you've had since you got a big-boy bed and turn on the AC only if "medically necessary." Then she can relax and enjoy your parents in the land of How We Did Things too, knowing that when she gets back to the land of How We Do Things Now she'll have a little/a lot of slack.

Note: I lost my guy's mother not that long after "The Great Father's Day BBQ Incident," and I miss her. I miss locking horns with her over seemingly meaningless but ultimately the most meaningful things. She was not perfect. And I am not perfect. And that is actually perfect. I just wish she were around for a Mother's Day BBQ that I could guilt her into coming to. I learned from the best. ■

BY
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WINSTON



DANIEL DOWNEY

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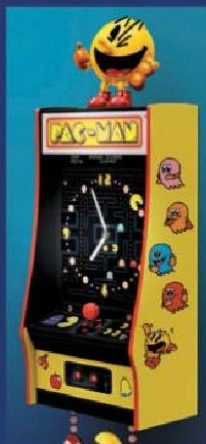
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My boyfriend and I have been together for more than two years, which is amazing considering I have major commitment issues. And for most of those two years we've been acting like rabbits in mating season—we literally can't keep our hands off each other. Surprise, surprise, I'm now pregnant with twins, which is awesome except for how things are going in bed. We still have a strong sexual connection to each other, but the sex is not at all the same. He is way quicker lately, and I can no longer get into some of our favorite positions. We've been trying foreplay to make it last, but as soon as we're getting down to it, it's over in two minutes. What should we do?—C.H., Cleveland, Ohio

Congratulations on (a) the long-term relationship, (b) the impending birth of your children and (c) the fact that while pregnant with twins you're still up for having sex. Judging from (c) we assume you're fairly early on in your pregnancy and haven't gotten too big yet. And when you say "it's over" in two minutes, we assume you mean he has an orgasm in two minutes and you don't. And when you say "getting down to it," we assume you mean having actual old-fashioned penis-in-vagina intercourse. If all that is the case, then you could try to slow down on the foreplay front and really make the most of it. Treat foreplay as play, without the fore. Let the journey be the destination and not a warm-up period, which from the sound of it he at the very least doesn't need. That said, we understand preferring old-fashioned penis-in-vagina sexual intercourse, or sex classic as it's been called. Might it be that your boyfriend is coming faster because of the new positions you're trying? Maybe the angle is stimulating him more than usual while you're not getting stimulated enough. Depending on the positions you guys are trying, we suggest he add some manual stimulation of your clitoris both before and while penetrating you. It also sounds as though he should be riding the brake a lot harder than he has been. This may sound unfair, but you could make a rule of no blow jobs, hand jobs or any other stimulation of his penis until you're as close to coming as you can get. And if all that isn't enough to get you two in sync, don't fret too much, as this will pass. Plus, you're in good company. Almost 50 percent of men have orgasms within two minutes of intercourse, so there's no shame in that.

I'm a recent college graduate and a novice cook. My boss just invited me to a Thanksgiving potluck at his house. His

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



Am I the only guy who thinks breasts that are clothed are sexier than ones that are bare? There's nothing hotter than the idea of having sex with a woman who is still wearing her shirt. It's sort of a fetish for me, and it sometimes makes it difficult to be in public with lots of women. I've become quite the connoisseur of breast sizes and shapes, but only if they're covered up. I love breasts when they're in sports bras, no bras, sweaters or oxford shirts. Am I weird?—N.R., Las Vegas, Nevada

You're a little weird for reading a magazine known for publishing photographs of bare-breasted women. While the degree to which you're attracted to covered breasts isn't common, most guys have felt some version of what you describe; many fetishes are extreme versions of something we all have inside us.

family will be there, as will a few Thanksgiving orphans from work, including my direct manager and a colleague I don't like very much who sees me as his competition. I've been told I'm supposed to bring a "vegetable side." What should I do to look cool and not appear as though I'm trying too hard?—D.C., Springfield, Illinois

Trying too hard might actually be a good thing in this instance. It's impossible to over-deliver food, particularly when it comes to Thanksgiving, a holiday that is all about abundance, and especially when you're trying to im-

press your boss. What you don't want to do is try to overdeliver and fall flat on your face. Your best bet is to make something with bacon in it, which will obscure any lack of technique and experience that may be evident in the rest of the dish. This is going to sound weird, but you should make brussels sprouts. They may seem gross at first, but brussels sprouts have actually made a comeback in foodie circles because people finally realized they're nutty, sweet and delicious when handled correctly. Paired with bacon and glazed with a balsamic-vinegar reduction, they're transcendent. Here's a recipe for balsamic glazed brussels sprouts with bacon; it's kind of a new classic, and everybody digs it. Heat your oven to 400 degrees. On a baking sheet, spread out one and a half pounds of brussels sprouts that have been halved lengthwise and trimmed on the ends. Add a quarter cup of diced bacon and a couple of tablespoons of olive oil, along with some salt and pepper. Mix it all up and spread it out in one layer. Roast the sprouts-bacon mix for about 25 minutes. While it's cooking, pour a quarter cup of balsamic vinegar into a saucepan and reduce the liquid by half. When the sprouts are done, drizzle them with the balsamic syrup, mix and transfer to a nice bowl. (If you want to be really safe, practice this recipe a few days before the main event to get your confidence up.) And oh yeah, bring a bottle of pinot noir and you'll look like the star you are.

My girlfriend has genital herpes. Is this curable? If I use a hollow strap-on for intercourse and don't swap spit with her or lick her vagina, will I catch it? Or should I just keep her as a friend and fuck someone else?—H.C., Detroit, Michigan

Genital herpes is not curable, though it is manageable. The risk of infection rises and falls with the appearance of sores. But having sex only when you don't see sores isn't a fail-safe method of preventing the spread of the virus. When there are no sores present, the risk

of transmission is extremely low, though once or twice a year an infected person could be shedding virus without any outward signs. If by "hollow strap-on" you mean a condom, then no, you will not be fully protected. Sores can appear both on and in the vicinity of the genitals. Nor will a real strap-on protect you, for the same reason. Additionally, you can get oral herpes from infected genitals. Before you give up on your girl, don't assume you'll find safe haven in the world of potential partners. Nearly 20 percent of the adult population has herpes. So if you do decide to ditch her and try fucking someone else, you

owe it to the general population to find out if you have any form of the virus: Many people who carry the herpes virus never show symptoms, so don't be so certain you're in the clear.

Is the "dry-clean only" label on clothing a joke? I've heard you can wash most clothes, even ones marked "dry-clean only," in cold water using the gentle cycle and then dry them flat or on a hanger. Does the same go for suits? I'm starting a new job that requires me to wear a suit every day and I'm looking for ways to save money.—L.B., Rockport, Maine

We wouldn't recommend cleaning a suit in a washing machine. While cotton and wool can stand up to gentle washing, the fabric could be a blend of materials that can't handle water without shrinking considerably or losing their shape. Additionally, the lining might be silk or rayon, neither of which do well in a washing machine. While you can sometimes get away with washing a sweater or shirt, a suit's construction can be quite complicated and presents far too many opportunities for a machine wash and dry to screw up the lines and drape. Better to be safe than sorry. You don't want to run the risk of ruining an expensive item in an attempt to save money. That said, dry cleaning can be tough on a suit and wear it out quickly if you take it to the cleaners too many times. Try airing it out and brushing it clean when it needs it. Also, spot-clean spills and dirt as soon as they occur. Once that regimen fails to freshen up your suit, it's time to take it to the dry cleaner. Many men try to dry-clean their suits only once every six months or less often if they can.

How likely is it that someone could scan your credit-card numbers when the cards are in your wallet and the wallet is in your pocket? Are those woven steel wallets really secure? Can you keep your cards more secure by placing a sheet of tinfoil in the bills section of a trifold wallet?—B.S., Tallahassee, Florida

Only credit cards with radio-frequency identification, or RFID, chips are at risk for having their data scanned remotely. Scanners are cheap and can grab data from up to 25 feet away. Whether or not the hackers can use that data is up for debate. Several years ago some cards were vulnerable to the degree that the cardholders' names as well as their credit-card numbers could be stolen remotely. Since then companies that issue such cards claim to have encrypted the data, removed personal information and created point-of-sale safeguards that render the data unusable. But since that may not be enough reassurance for some people, metal wallets and sleeves can block such scanning, and yes, so can wrapping the card in foil. Or you could request a non-RFID card from your bank. But don't think you're safe from the multibillion-dollar threat that is credit-card fraud: An old-school magnetic-strip card is still susceptible to the much more widespread practice of credit-card skimming.

When I was serving in Afghanistan my wife would talk dirty to me on the

phone. The longer I was over there, the dirtier the stories got. After I returned home and went through a hard alcohol phase that lasted much longer than it should have, my wife had a one-night stand. She later told me about it, but instead of being hurt and upset I found it extremely arousing. Now, five or six years later, I've been fantasizing about watching her with another guy. How do I bring this up to her, and what do I do if she goes for it? Is this something you've heard of before?—J.J., Spokane, Washington

This is one of the top 10 sexual fantasies the Advisor hears about from readers. Many men are aroused by the idea, and we stress "idea." Safely turning the fantasy into reality is an entirely different matter. Add up the challenges of finding the right guy, making it happen and then dealing with the consequences, and that erotic fantasy can turn into a real-world headache. Another one of our top 10 questions is, How can my wife/girlfriend and I safely arrange a threesome with another woman/man? Again, it's a very tough thing to pull off if you aren't connected to a swinging community. The fact that this first came up during a period when you were drinking heavily makes us question whether it's an area either of you wants to revisit. Presuming things are going well, why mess with a good thing?

My husband and I dabble in making our own sex tapes. Is there a way to profit from our penchant for videography?—D.E., Phoenix, Arizona

Absolutely. It's called the internet, and there are hundreds of sites that pay for amateur porn they can distribute throughout the web. However, it can be difficult to make significant money without a lot of trial and error and hustle; plus, you'll have a ton of competition from amateurs around the world. If you're creating the videos mostly for fun but want to make a little money off them, consider looking into the granddaddy of amateur internet porn, Homegrown Video. It's a reputable site run by a former Deadhead who got into making porn to finance his world travels following his favorite band. It has been around since the early 1990s and pays anywhere between \$200 and several thousand dollars per video. Check out the site's guidelines and rates at HomegrownSubmittals.com. These days a scene with straight sex and a come shot can get you between \$250 and \$500. Word to the wise: You may want to upgrade from tapes to shooting on an HD digital camera to improve your chances of getting picked up.

Could you please tell me which American brands of tuna in five-ounce cans are entirely processed and canned in the U.S.? I've seen internet scares about one brand whose product is canned in China under very unsanitary conditions. I've been buying this brand for years and it has nothing on or under the label that clearly tells you where it's processed.—B.W., Goshen, Connecticut

While it's slightly more expensive than the better-known brands, the aptly named American Tuna is not only canned domestically, but the tuna is hand-cut after being caught using the sustainable pole-and-line method that reduces by-catch. Additionally, American Tuna catches only younger fish that live closer to the surface of the ocean, which means the mercury levels in its product are far lower than the allowed amounts.

My friends and I are all in our mid-40s and grew up together in a small suburb outside New York. The generation before us grew up experiencing the sexual revolution and free love. Members of today's younger generation carry devices festooned with countless apps that enable them to meet horny women as easily as ordering a pizza. We, on the other hand, grew up with AIDS and Ed Meese. Getting laid was difficult and required a cosmic combination of luck, circumstance, timing and effort. None of us cheats on our wives, nor do we really wish to (though that seems easy enough too these days). Still, we can't help feeling a little left out. In the modern history of sex it seems we operated in what would be considered the Dark Ages. In one recent Advisor letter, a guy said that because of Tinder he is "having more sex than I thought humanly possible." Must be tough. Has the game really gotten that easy? Are we being crybabies, or do we have a right to feel as though we're stuck with the middle seat between two lottery winners?—B.L., Long Island, New York

Yes, your generation was particularly screwed by timing. And yes, the game has gotten a lot easier thanks to mobile technology. That said, there's no shortage of data out there that shows today's generation isn't any more sexually content than previous ones. It's that age-old question of quality versus quantity.

My girlfriend and I have a very active and enjoyable sex life, but from time to time I like to wait and hold my ejaculation back so I can make it last longer. She says I shouldn't do this, that I should just let it go when I'm ready. I don't see any problem with "waiting" a bit longer—except that once in a while I can't finish because I held it too much. She claims this isn't good for me. What's your take?—P.D., Hogsburg, New York

There's no compelling science that shows this is bad for you. It could be that she simply wants you to finish up faster and doesn't have the heart to just come out and say it.

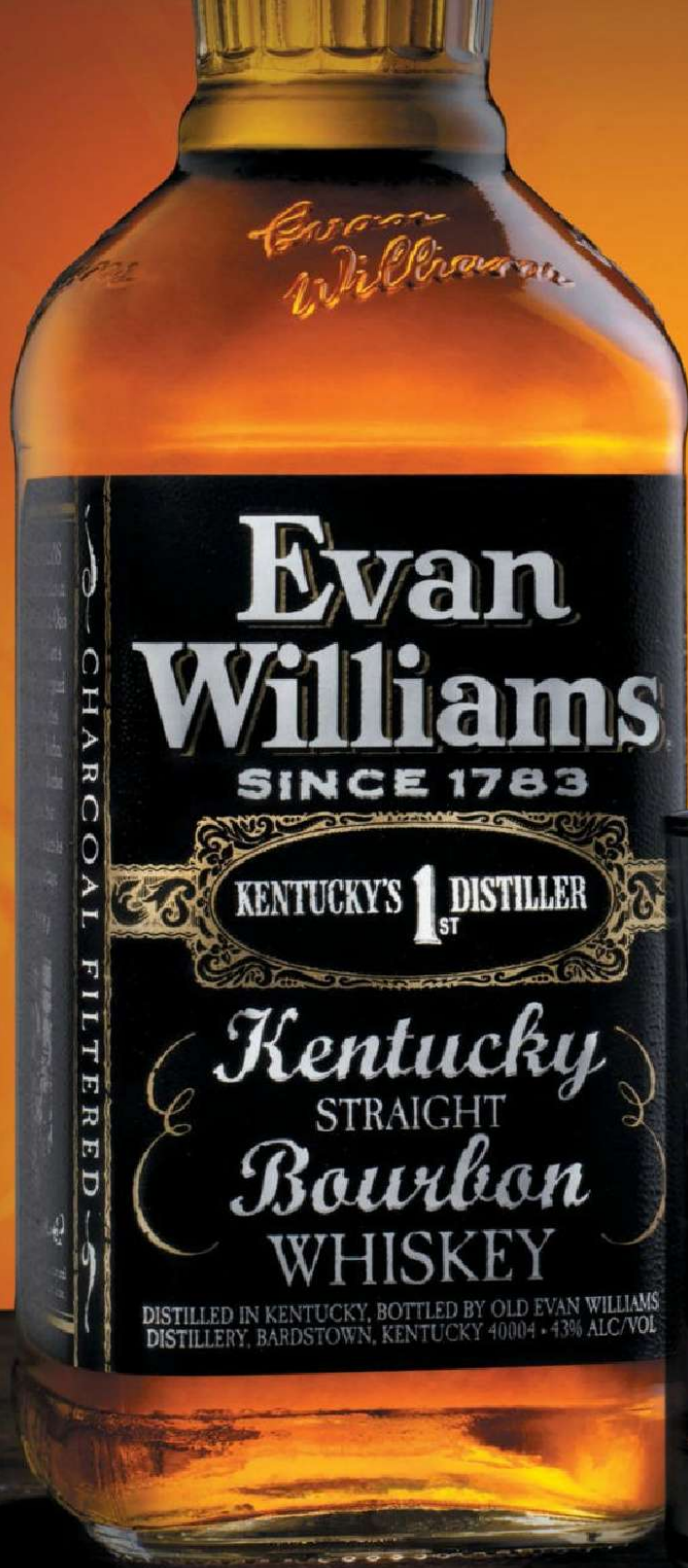
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHRISTOPH WALTZ

A candid conversation with film's ultimate villain about battling Bond, interpreting Tarantino and deciphering the German sense of humor

Christoph Waltz catches a fruit fly one-handed. The actor, fresh from a photo shoot and dapper in a gray suit, dispatches the pest with a grimly efficient twist of the wrist, flicks it away and wipes his hands while grinning enigmatically. Had he suddenly popped the thing into his mouth and gulped it down like Renfield, the fly-eating loon out of *Dracula*, it would have seemed perfectly in character. Blame Quentin Tarantino. Ever since Waltz came out of nowhere to win the 2010 best supporting actor Oscar for playing the diabolical, silver-tongued "Jew-hunter" in Tarantino's *Inglourious Basterds*, his screen image has been pretty much synonymous with perverse, ruthlessly efficient Continental villainy. Waltz and Tarantino's follow-up three years later, *Django Unchained*—for which Waltz won another best supporting actor Oscar playing a bounty hunter disguised as a traveling dentist—only reinforced the public's perception of his mastery at playing suave, sinister men you love to hate. Or is it hate to love?

Between and since his milestones for Tarantino, Waltz, 59, has played theme and variations on high-style nastiness in *The Green Hornet* directed by Michel Gondry, *Carnage* directed by Roman Polanski and *Big Eyes* directed by Tim Burton. Sure, he waltzed with

Sweetums in *Muppets Most Wanted*, but we'd bet he still managed to creep out more than a few younger viewers, let alone a parent or two. Next up: a role as the villain in *SPECTRE*, the 24th James Bond spy adventure. He also just signed to direct his first feature, *The Worst Marriage* in Georgetown, a fact-based thriller in which he'll play a social-climbing murderer.

Born in Vienna in 1956, he descends from four generations of theater folk. His grandparents were actors, and his Viennese mother and German father designed theatrical sets. A movie-crazed kid, he began acting professionally in his late teens, having studied voice, opera and drama at the Theresianum and the Billrothgymnasium in Vienna. Upon graduating, he studied at the Max Reinhardt Seminar, the drama school at the University of Music and Performing Arts in Vienna. In the late 1970s, Waltz came to New York to study with Method legends Lee Strasberg and Stella Adler. Later, Waltz moved to London and worked steadily in theater. By 1980 he was well on his way to becoming a fixture on European TV series and miniseries, especially detective and crime procedurals. Cast as priests, womanizers, louses and even Jesus, he won attention for breaking the mold by playing an idealistic bureaucrat swimming against a tide of Eastern European

corruption in a 1990 Channel 4 British satirical miniseries, *The Gravy Train*, and its 1991 follow-up, *The Gravy Train Goes East*. Most of his European work isn't widely available on home video in the U.S., but this seems to be all right by the actor, who has wryly admitted, "There are a few films I'm not ashamed of." Then, six years ago, Tarantino threw him a lifeline after what the actor calls "a lot of compromises over the years; I had started to doubt myself."

Divorced with three grown children, the actor currently shares his life with costume designer Judith Holste and their 10-year-old daughter, traveling between homes in Los Angeles, London and Berlin.

PLAYBOY sent **Stephen Rebello**, who last interviewed Jeremy Renner, to catch up with Waltz: "Waltz has called himself a 'grouchy fart' and 'an utter snob.' He doesn't disappoint. He's refreshingly opinionated, keenly intelligent, precise in his language and cuttlingly funny. We parted with him shaking my hand and telling me I had more than passed muster. I drove home second-guessing myself. Blame Tarantino."

PLAYBOY: There's certainly film history involved in *SPECTRE*, the new James Bond movie in which you play the



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND

villainous Franz Oberhauser. Depending on which script one reads or which rumor one believes, your character may have something to do with Blofeld, the head of the global crime syndicate SPECTRE in six previous 007 films. In such a big machine as a Bond film, can you bring to your role any of the quirky and unique qualities for which you're known?

WALTZ: It's an effort I'm quite keen on making, but I'm not sure there's a lot of room for that. There's very little I can say about what I play, especially since the script was leaked by the terrible Sony hackers.

There's such huge machinery involved in making this movie, it's quite extraordinary, really. This is Bond 24, and even though everything is called iconic nowadays, in a way, the Bond characters are that—just on account of their long history and the repetition in film to film. What you have in a Bond movie is really the continuation of folk theater, like the Grand Guignol in France, the Italian *commedia dell'arte* or even *Punch and Judy*, with recurring characters like the Policeman, the Crocodile and Death. In a James Bond movie you have the classical archetypes too, and the so-called Bond villain has his very clear-cut, defined place. It would be a disappointment if all of a sudden you had this greatly different approach to playing a Bond villain. Yet within that, it's part of your work as an actor that it be interesting and new.

PLAYBOY: Daniel Craig's Bond movies are grimmer, more violent and more brooding than any of the previous Bonds. Does his archenemy need to be more serious as well?

WALTZ: Definitely with Daniel's Bond the villain has changed enormously too. They sapped the fun out of it a bit.

PLAYBOY: Have you been inspired by any of Bond's earlier film nemeses?

WALTZ: The directors of those Bond movies changed almost from movie to movie, so things changed constantly. And Bond himself changed—sometimes literally—from movie to movie. There was the coolness of Sean Connery, but often the campiness of the villains ran away with itself in the Roger Moore movies. After Moore quit, they didn't make a decisive step away from that tendency until Daniel. *SPECTRE* is more like the Ian Fleming novels. It's more serious and without much exuberance.

PLAYBOY: As a kid did you have fantasies of yourself as Bond?

WALTZ: I always thought it was fun for the time being, and of course I played around with it. But it definitely didn't become an obsession. I was never geekish.

PLAYBOY: Before 2009, few people outside Europe had seen you in anything, though you had already spent three decades in theater and film and on TV. Two great "bad guy" roles in Quentin Tarantino's *Inglourious Basterds* and *Django Unchained* cemented your screen image in the U.S. and beyond. Has anyone confronted you

for playing morally shift or downright evil characters in such complex, funny, scary and almost sympathetic ways?

WALTZ: Sometimes people do confront me, especially about *Inglourious Basterds*. The undercurrent of the confrontations is different from culture to culture. Here in the United States it's always very appreciative. It's not disrespectful in most of Europe either. In Germany or from Germans, though, the questions are always serious—not so much because of the historical connotations. It's more about the German cultural preoccupation with intellectualizing almost everything. Perhaps sometimes they're being humorous when they confront me, but the German sense of humor is a form I still don't quite understand.

PLAYBOY: This will sound like a non sequitur, but you're familiar with the 1930s musical film stars Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, right?

WALTZ: Yes, of course. Look, I know you are incredibly well prepared and know all the details about me, so I'll tell you: Yes, I was a member of the Fred Astaire

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fan club in Vienna. I was about 16 or so. I had no idea what a fan club actually was. I thought, Well, maybe if I become a member of the fan club I can at least see all of Fred Astaire's movies or find some way to learn about tap dancing.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting, weird and random, but the question was actually heading in a different direction.

WALTZ: [Laughs] Is that true?

PLAYBOY: Completely. There's a Katharine Hepburn quote about Astaire and Rogers: "He gives her class and she gives him sex appeal." What do you give Quentin Tarantino, and what does he give you?

WALTZ: How funny. I can tell you exactly what Quentin does for me. I'm not so sure what I do for him. He is a very important friend who opens up a whole universe and invites me in. I'm talking about the quality and intensity of his work and his encyclopedic knowledge of film history. What's also important are his characters and his text, because there is nothing else that comes close. Quentin can write a sentence

of seven words and the whole character is condensed into this sentence. Sometimes an endless series of actions result from that sentence. That's drama. His characters do one thing and say another, just like we all do. I could go on for a long time talking about this without even remotely touching on the subject of the kind of exposure he's given me, the career and all of that.

PLAYBOY: You once called Tarantino movies "operas without singing." Didn't you take him to an opera with lots and lots of singing, Wagner's *Ring* cycle performed by the Los Angeles Opera in 2010?

WALTZ: I don't know how much experience he had with opera before. I think we went to *Die Walküre* or *Siegfried* together. He didn't seem out of place. He even seemed to enjoy the experience more than I did. He's a fabulously sensitive artist. He takes everything in, like a sponge.

PLAYBOY: What's the most memorable experience Tarantino has shared with you recently?

WALTZ: Apart from movies I otherwise wouldn't have seen, one of the most interesting things he showed me was a compilation of trailers he put together of teenage-rebel movies of the 1950s. It was like a cultural history of teenage rebellion and rock-and-roll culture. It was fascinating. It was probably better than watching the entire movies because you get the big highlights without having to experience the scenes in between—in which nothing happens anyway.

PLAYBOY: During your several decades of working in Europe, you must have auditioned hundreds of times. How different was your first encounter with Tarantino?

WALTZ: Recently I've had the experience of receiving screenplays that they've gone through all this effort to keep secret. They tell you, "Every page will be watermarked with your name!" I've even had trouble reading them because my name is written so big across the page that it almost blocks out the text. Finally, you read these top-secret pages and say, "Well, who would want to spread *this* around?" Quentin is not precious about handing out scripts, so I had the whole script before the *Basterds* audition, and I read *Django Unchained* in stages at his house as he was writing it. He is very confident in his writing, and rightly so. When he meets with actors, cinematographers and production designers he may want to work with, he lets them read the script beforehand to know his intentions. That's as opposed to directors who take the position "Well, let's see whether you're the right person for the job, but I'm not telling you what the job really is because I'll be the judge of that." Well, he will be the judge anyway, won't he?

PLAYBOY: When you accepted the best actor award at the 2009 Cannes Film Festival, you choked up when you told Tarantino, "You gave me my vocation back." But do you sometimes feel typecast in villain roles now?

WALTZ: Typecasting is not in itself a bad

thing. But it can be regrettable banking on the known as a form of security for the investment being made in you. It comes from either lack of imagination or worry about the investment. It's infinitely trickier to go against the grain.

Other kinds of parts are out there; they're just more difficult to come by. But even if you're cast against type, against the grain, you're still adhering to the principles of typecasting. I'm not complaining, though.

PLAYBOY: How is a Tarantino movie set different from others?

WALTZ: Quentin has this strict rule, wholeheartedly, with emphasis and vehemently, and I totally subscribe to it: No cell phones on the set. As you enter the soundstage or location, a person collects them. If you can't live without your gadget, don't enter the set. If you have to be reachable for your day-to-day professional proceedings, don't enter the set. It's either/or. People actually have to sign a paper that they agree to—what to call it? I'll call it *Lex Quentini*.

PLAYBOY: What happens to violators of *Lex Quentini*?

WALTZ: You get fired. When somebody booted up a computer on set and it made that sound, Quentin got up and left without a word. It's all part of a larger discussion, though. Our attention spans diminish more and more as we go on. Why does that happen? Because of constant distractions, that's why.

PLAYBOY: Distractions that aren't exclusive to film sets, though.

WALTZ: Oh no. It's everywhere, especially in the theater and at the movies. In the past let's say 30 years, I've watched the decline of people's willingness to engage and to give themselves over to an experience. At the movies, I disagree with people munching nachos with some cheesy goo on top. Why would you spread a stink like that? I wonder whether it's not an educational problem. Nobody tells these people that they're not at home watching television. They think they've paid for the right to do what they do. If these people are texting, the objectionable thing is they're depriving themselves of the experience of the movie. The entertainment industry, the electronics industry, the fashion industry are all battling for your attention on these handheld devices.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying the entertainment industry is undercutting itself?

WALTZ: I think the so-called entertainment industry inflicted great damage on itself when it "broke the magic." Now it's all about behind-the-scenes comments, with every actor being asked to comment on what he's playing. I flatly refuse to do that. I don't talk about my characters because I'd be pulling the rug out from underneath myself. Why would I give people instructions on how to see and experience what I did? If you need these instructions, it's because you were involved on your cell phone instead of what's happening on the screen or the

stage. If you put away your cell phone, you would actually get what you came to the theater for in the first place.

PLAYBOY: Tarantino once said he had seen so many actors audition to play the SS agent in *Inglourious Basterds* without finding the right one that he considered not making the movie. Do you run into actors who tell you they auditioned before you did or that Tarantino wanted them for the role you eventually won?

WALTZ: Plenty.

PLAYBOY: What percentage of them are telling the truth?

WALTZ: Easily 20 percent. Some of them may be joking. Some even say they were *supposed* to play it. But who am I to say that's not true? I wasn't there, you know?

PLAYBOY: Who's your biggest competition for roles these days?

WALTZ: I don't want to know. I'm not saying I'm not competitive. In fact, I'm pretty much an old dog. Every dog snarls and growls when he sees another dog. I once ran into Dustin Hoffman at a basketball game. My daughter knows

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his son. His son introduced me, saying, "Dad, this is Christoph, you know, he played in *Inglourious Basterds*." Hoffman looked at me and said, "Yeah, I haven't seen that. That's strange, because usually I check out the other short guys."

PLAYBOY: Tarantino doesn't write and direct as often as many other directors do. You're not in his upcoming *The Hateful Eight*, but when you heard he was making his first movie in three years, did you prick up your ears?

WALTZ: I didn't only prick up my ears, I sat up straight because working with him is something I really desire. My relationship with him—at least, I see it like that—is that he will ask me if it's right. And if he didn't ask me, then it must not have been right.

PLAYBOY: How did you gel with Roman Polanski on *Carnage* and with Tim Burton on *Big Eyes*?

WALTZ: I spent three fabulous months with Roman. I like his directness and sharp, sarcastic sense of humor. His precision in moviemaking is beyond words.

He's a grand master, even though he is one of the short guys. My view of him is tolerant and understanding of the man he is today. I'm not interested in opinions and preoccupation about what happened 35 years ago. I'm a moral person who despises moralistic judgments because they're made at the expense of morals.

PLAYBOY: The critics roughed you up a bit on *Big Eyes*.

WALTZ: It needed me. I think about it a lot. I had run-ins with a few journalists because the movie was based on a true story and some critics found my character over-the-top. I told them, "I'm not an anthropologist. I'm not a historian. I'm just an actor who depends on the script and the director." Was it over-the-top? Yes, it was. Was the man I was playing over-the-top? Yes, he was, much further than I could possibly play him. I was happy with the work and not unhappy with the result.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned how fascinated you were watching Tarantino's compilation of trailers of teenage-rebel movies. Growing up in Austria, how rebellious were you?

WALTZ: I was not an excellent student but not bad. I got through at a leisurely pace, but sometimes I think it wouldn't have been the worst thing to work a little harder. I was certainly not an attention seeker or the class clown. Usually the class clowns rather got on my nerves.

PLAYBOY: Did you rebel at all against following four generations of your family into show business?

WALTZ: I never made the responsibly deliberate choice to enter that profession. Call it lack of resistance, lack of stamina or lack of imagination. It was definitely a lack of something that made me kind of slip under the door. Through that door was traditional grand theater, done in a big Austrian state theater in Vienna where my great-grandfather and my grandparents were actors. Everything circled around that institution. My mother and father were designers there. When my father died, I was a very young kid, and when my mother remarried, my stepfather was the musical director there.

PLAYBOY: Did your family ride a financial roller coaster the way some show business families did and, of course, still do?

WALTZ: No, if you're in the Austrian state theater it's really like aristocracy. There's nothing like that here in America. When my grandparents started at the same theater, my grandmother was younger than the legal age, 21, and her father had to go with her to collect her pay in gold coins that came from the emperor's private coffers. They didn't have curtain calls until, I think, the 1980s, because the emperor said, "I pay these actors from my private funds. I don't expose them to public critique." A curtain call would have been seen as a critique of the emperor.

PLAYBOY: Was there much theater talk around the dinner table?

WALTZ: It was nothing but theater from all different aspects. It was *unbearable*. It would have been interesting had the conversation at least been more selective now and then.

PLAYBOY: Did any of your siblings follow the family tradition?

WALTZ: I have a brother who is a director and a theater manager. I was kind of in the middle age-wise with my brothers and sisters. Very good relationships and we speak with each other frequently.

PLAYBOY: Were you sports-minded?

WALTZ: Not particularly. I was a fencer for a few years before I went into acting. I competed in tournaments. I wasn't especially good, but I had fun with it. In those days, particularly in Europe, success wasn't the driving force. You could still do something in peace just for the enjoyment of doing it. Excelling and competing, as a sort of institutionalized sublimation of testosterone and aggression on a national level, is something I observe with disquiet, to say the least.

PLAYBOY: Were you a big music fan?

WALTZ: When I was growing up, you were either a Beatles fan or a Rolling Stones fan. You couldn't be both. I liked the Beatles, though I never had anything against the Rolling Stones. I listened more to stuff like Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. His music always spoke to me. Only later did I find out he was such a devoted fan of Edgard Varèse that he went to Vienna to study the atonal Viennese School. Frank Zappa damn well knew what he was doing. I always had the radio playing as a kid, but I soon questioned the noise factor. Nowadays it really bothers me that so-called music plays in restaurants, everywhere. If the music is good, then I don't want to continue the conversation; I just want to listen. If it's bad, it's like pollution and it disturbs the conversation.

PLAYBOY: Growing up in the 1970s, did you experiment with drugs?

WALTZ: A few, some more pleasant than others, but in general I was not too much into drugs. They didn't do it for me. I come from a wine country, so that's something we did more of. But yeah, I did drugs, just not to the extent others have done them, not at all.

PLAYBOY: What jobs did you have before going to acting school?

WALTZ: I was 18 or 19 when I went to acting school, but before that I worked in television studios as a runner and a sort of 15th camera person. I was interested in movies. I wanted to become a cinematographer for a while. In the early 1970s I often went to see films at the extraordinary Austrian Film Museum, where they did retrospectives of great directors but also these far-out, wild and crazy experimental filmmakers, some of whom still exist to this day. When I was a young actor I had a kind of Fantasy Football ideal where I thought it would be worthwhile having become an actor if I got to work

with Billy Wilder, John Huston and Akira Kurosawa. Occasionally today I'll see a role in an older movie made by one of these directors or others I like, and I'll trip out a little bit, thinking, If only....

PLAYBOY: What did you get out of drama school?

WALTZ: I hated and was repulsed by it. It was the 1970s and everything was intellectualized. I'm not an egregious person. I had friends there. I got along. But I didn't like the courses. They had well-known working actors giving classes, but I didn't like a single one of them. I understood what they were after, but it always felt arbitrary and restrictive to me, with teachers telling me what to do, how it's done and why.

PLAYBOY: At least acting schools tend to attract great-looking, crazy, creative people. The possibilities for sexual intrigue must have been fun, right?

WALTZ: I didn't need acting school for that. Europe seems to be a little more open in that respect than some other countries. We have a much freer ex-

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change between the sexes much sooner.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you first became aware of members of the opposite sex looking at you appreciatively?

WALTZ: Five, maybe earlier. At least I deluded myself that they were looking at me appreciatively because I looked at them appreciatively. That appreciation changes at puberty of course, and after that, it changes from day to day. That doesn't mean there is a declining trajectory to it—in fact, quite the opposite. And as you get older, the appreciation morphs into something much more interesting.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you had your first girlfriend?

WALTZ: About 15 or 16. It lasted about a year. I liked her a lot. We got along well, did things together, and it was very pleasant. I liked girls who were lively, funny and approachable, girls who played along with me and with everybody and were kind of team players. To this day, I don't like capricious behavior. I have strong adverse reactions to princesses.

PLAYBOY: Did that first romantic relationship result in “free exchange between the sexes”?

WALTZ: I don't want to talk about that. I'm slightly obsessed with privacy. It's one of the few principles I cling to. I draw a line so as to define the difference between the outside and the inside. Part of our problem in the world and our society is that the line between inside and outside is totally blurred. You don't know where you are anymore. You lose your framework. How do you move with confidence and a feeling of identity if you don't have a clearly defined contour?

PLAYBOY: Should we read the book *Sex Perfection and Marital Happiness* by your maternal grandfather, Rudolf von Urban, M.D.?

WALTZ: I don't think you have to. I looked into the book. It's interesting from a historical point of view. It's not particularly scientific. He was a physician and analyst who immigrated to America in 1937. I saw him once in my life for about an hour. He was into sex and sort of took Freud's concept of the harmful effects of sexual repression to a popular level. It's kind of an early self-help book.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in therapy?

WALTZ: Sure, yeah, it's a really good thing to do if you find the right person. I don't think there's anything heroic in trying to cope all by yourself with things you suffer from. A perfect argument for therapy is Einstein's quote “You can't solve a problem by the same thinking that produced it.”

PLAYBOY: You've been a working actor since 1976. Much of your early work isn't easy to find in the U.S., but thanks to YouTube and other online sources, people can view clips of you as a singing and dancing Anabaptist minister who also seduces a married woman in a bathtub. Then there's your 1977 song and dance on a kids' TV show in which you sport a non-G-rated bulge in your multicolored tights.

WALTZ: What does American TV do about male ballet dancers on children's shows? Social convention does not alter human anatomy. Yet somehow there's no problem showing somebody's head getting blown to smithereens and splattering his brains all over the wall. *That* you can't do in Europe on a children's TV show. That's how cultures are different. In François Mitterrand's funeral cortege, right behind the hearse was his widow and children, and right behind them was his mistress with the child they had together. They were together mourning for the person, not displaying some misconstrued edifice of social hypocrisy. Yet in America, the government breaks down if a politician has an affair. That people would have to apologize to the populace for having an affair? That's a private matter.

PLAYBOY: After you'd been working in Europe, you came to New York to study. How did the U.S. measure up to the idea you had of it? *(continued on page 109)*



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WE LET TODAY'S
ALGORITHMS
MAKE MORE
DECISIONS FOR
US THAN WE
DO OURSELVES.
WILL THE
CYBERSERVANT
SOON BECOME
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Humankind still rules the world we live in, but the seeds of our demise were, like ancient DNA, planted long ago. Fate and free will, always fodder for philosophical sparring, have become the subjects of even murkier absolutes as algorithms—snips of computer code—insert themselves into nearly every decision and process in our lives. Even the most complex bits of life can be reduced to binary decisions: If this, then that; if that, then this. It's in this environment that the algorithm thrives. And it's in this environment that we live.

Thanks to ever-increasing computing speeds and miles of code accounting for nearly every eventuality, algorithms have quickly risen to assume control of many facets of our lives, from Google search to Spotify, from insurance rates to which route we drive on the way home from work. Algorithms can even read our minds. It's that last development that holds either the most promise or the most peril,



depending on with whom you speak.

It's difficult to identify a seminal moment when algorithms' march toward dominance tipped toward critical mass. For years, the takeover advanced silently. Only when its effects became indelible, when algorithms' rise in society became stark, palpable, did people sound the alarm. Needless to say, humans are outmatched. Where we see chaos and unfathomable amounts of data, bots driven by algorithms detect patterns, discern order and make conclusions.

In a way, algorithms and the software that employs them compose a fold of human evolution. Every day, Silicon Valley proposes to outsource more of our lives' mundane activities. It's a seductive proposition. Why worry about driving when BMW, Audi and others make algorithms for that? Why waste glove-compartment space on a map when our phones, as directed by Apple or Google, can direct us where to go? Why bother working the bar crowd when a dating-site algorithm from OkCupid can deliver matched personalities by the dozens? Why write down shopping lists when we can bark at our refrigerator "More milk!" and have it delivered by Amazon in an hour? We have designed algorithms to decode our behavior and our brains, and they have succeeded. The only question: Now what? With any luck, the answer humans wish for will be in agreement with that of the bots.

Thirty years ago algorithms first gained notoriety by cracking our financial markets and giving tech-savvy firms the edge on trading floors. Since then they've moved on to affect, if not yet control, every aspect of our lives: They decide what jobs we work, whom we marry, where we live, where we drive, what prescriptions we receive, what music we hear, what grades we get and how our money is invested. Algorithms have invaded those nuanced bastions where it would seem impossible to replicate a human's understanding and touch, tasks such as creating original music, grading written essays, writing

original fiction and playing games like poker that mix logical processes with nonlinear takes on human emotions.

So what are these things, these algorithms that are so well poised to replace us? While the name carries a whiff of technical erudition, an algorithm is a simple device. It's a set of instructions that, given input, produces output. An algorithm needn't involve computers. A set of instructions for making morning coffee by hand is technically an algorithm. Of course, algorithms can also involve thousands of inputs, database queries, calculations and dynamic, evolving computations. One of the first algorithms many engineering students are required to compose in basic computer science courses is one that will play a perfect game of tic-tac-toe. The inputs are the moves of the human; the outputs, the moves of the computer. All computer languages—C, Java, Ruby, Python, PHP, whatever—are vehicles created to express algorithms. These days, the powers of prediction residing in computer code make tic-tac-toe pro-

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IT'S A SEDUCTIVE
PROPOSITION.

grams analogous to the sticks chimpanzees use to harvest termites.

The specter of somebody, something, being able to read our thoughts and our intentions by parsing our words seems incredible. But it doesn't seem impossible. We assume that psychologists operate in something of a similar fashion, though their feedback is neither as demonstrative nor as prompt as that of algorithms. In all these cases, we give algorithms and therapists a lot to work with: We answer questions, we make statements, we talk and talk until the words pile up into the hundreds or thousands. But what if we gave them

nothing? What if we offered no words, no typing, no hand gestures—just our faces? Could algorithms still read us?

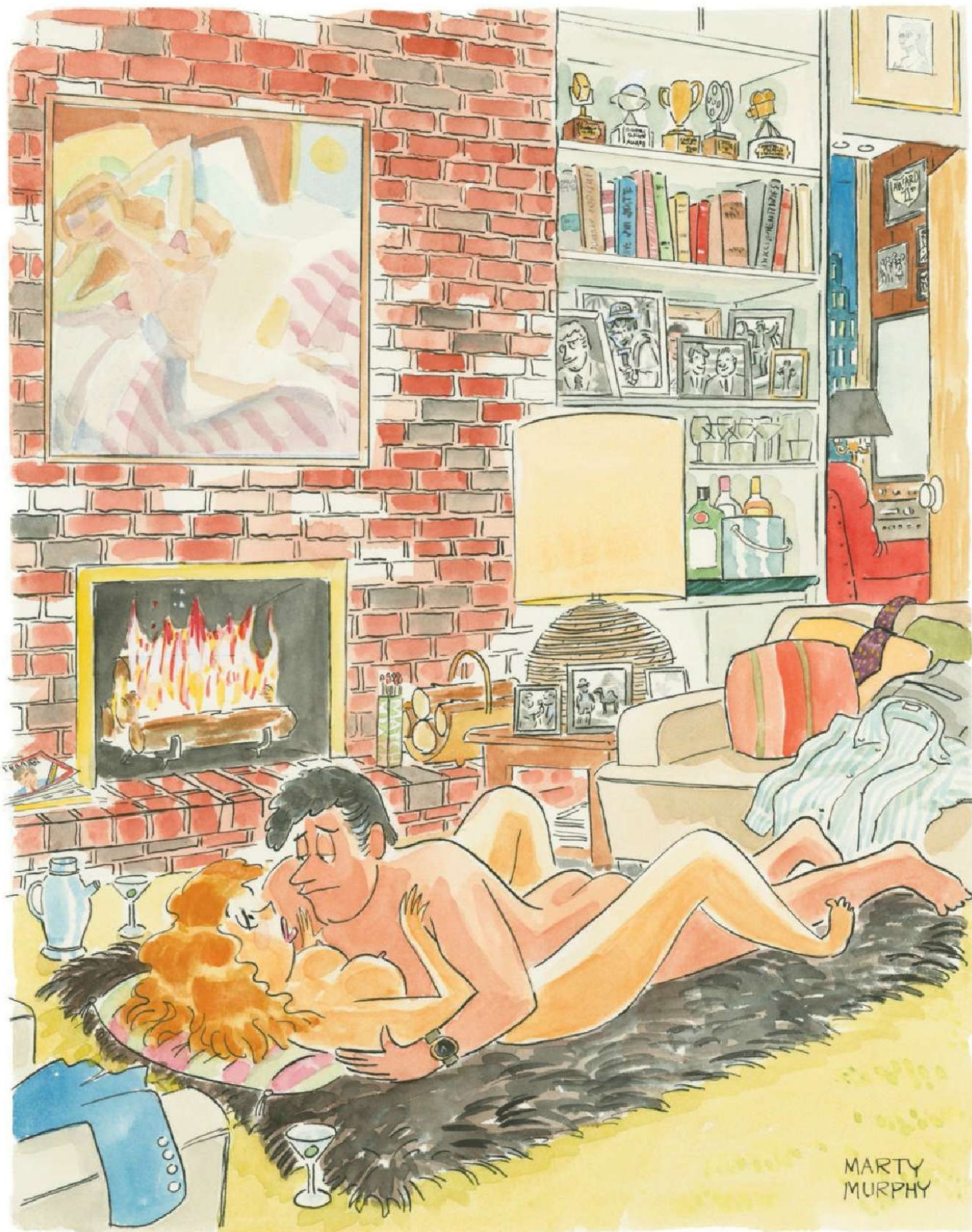
My three children, like most, have an affinity for television. At home we limit the time they're allowed to watch, but given the chance, they will turn their attention wholly over to the pixels in front of them. Outside noises, such as that of a parent asking a question, are rendered nonexistent. Their faces, it seems to me, settle into a kind of open-jawed stupor that can stay frozen for the entire length of the program they're watching. What happens on the screen effects no change on their little countenances. Or at least that's my view of things, the human view.

Algorithms, however, can sniff out our brains' inner workings during times like this, when we're offering few palpable clues. Even seemingly vacant expressions, like those on children watching television, offer data that can be parsed by tools that are sensitive enough to detect them—tools wielded by algorithms, of course.

Several companies are developing this kind of technology, using algorithms to read people's faces as portals to their brains. One of the companies, Emotient, has a direct lineage to Paul Ekman, who 60 years ago began to study the meaning of facial expressions. Ekman linked different movements of the lips, brow, cheeks and forehead to six distinct emotions: happiness, sadness, anger, disgust, fear and surprise. After spending more than 20 years on the subject, Ekman in 1978 published what he called FACS, or Facial Action Coding System, which categorizes every facial expression. FACS provides a set of standards to decode every natural facial movement, from a slight upturn of the lips to a nose crinkle and an eyebrow dip. After studying the human face and all the ways emotion distorts it, Ekman had classified each derivative of every expression imaginable.

A system so comprehensive has to be complicated. For human psychologists or anybody else, it can take years to master. It's why Ekman himself, now 81, has for 30 years been one of the most sought-after consultants in the world. He has done work for the CIA, the FBI, DreamWorks and Pixar, teaching people at these places the taxonomy of facial movements. When Ekman was developing FACS in the 1970s, it occurred to him that this kind of analysis could one day be packaged into computer code, a collection of algorithms that could recognize every tiny grimace, every eyebrow tilt.

"I absolutely (continued on page 116)



"I know you're a TV anchor, Seth, but for once could you resist blurting out 'This just in...?'"

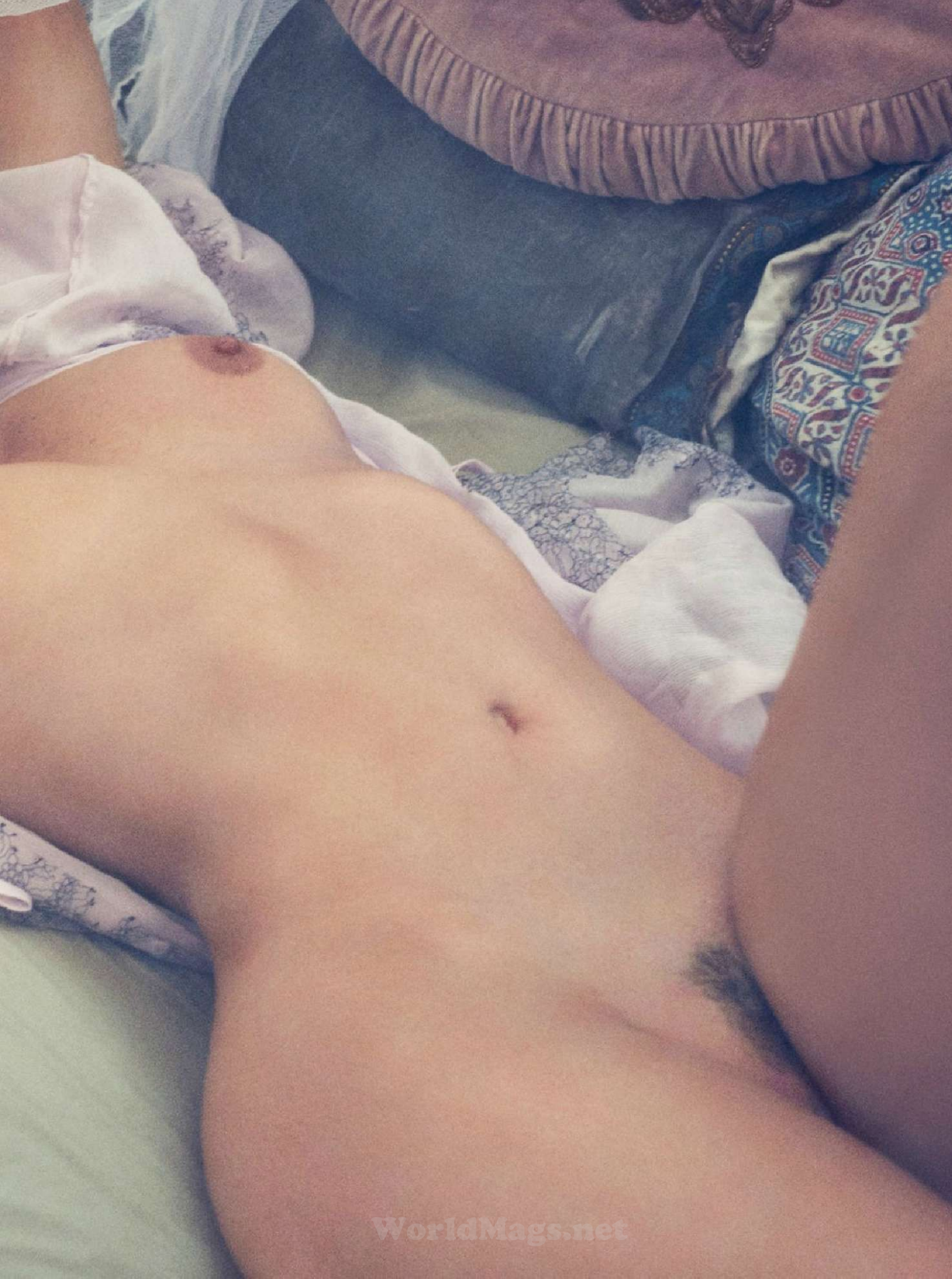


NEW YORK MODEL
AND FASHION
POWERHOUSE
JULIA FOX BRINGS
SERENITY TO
MANHATTAN'S
CONCRETE JUNGLE

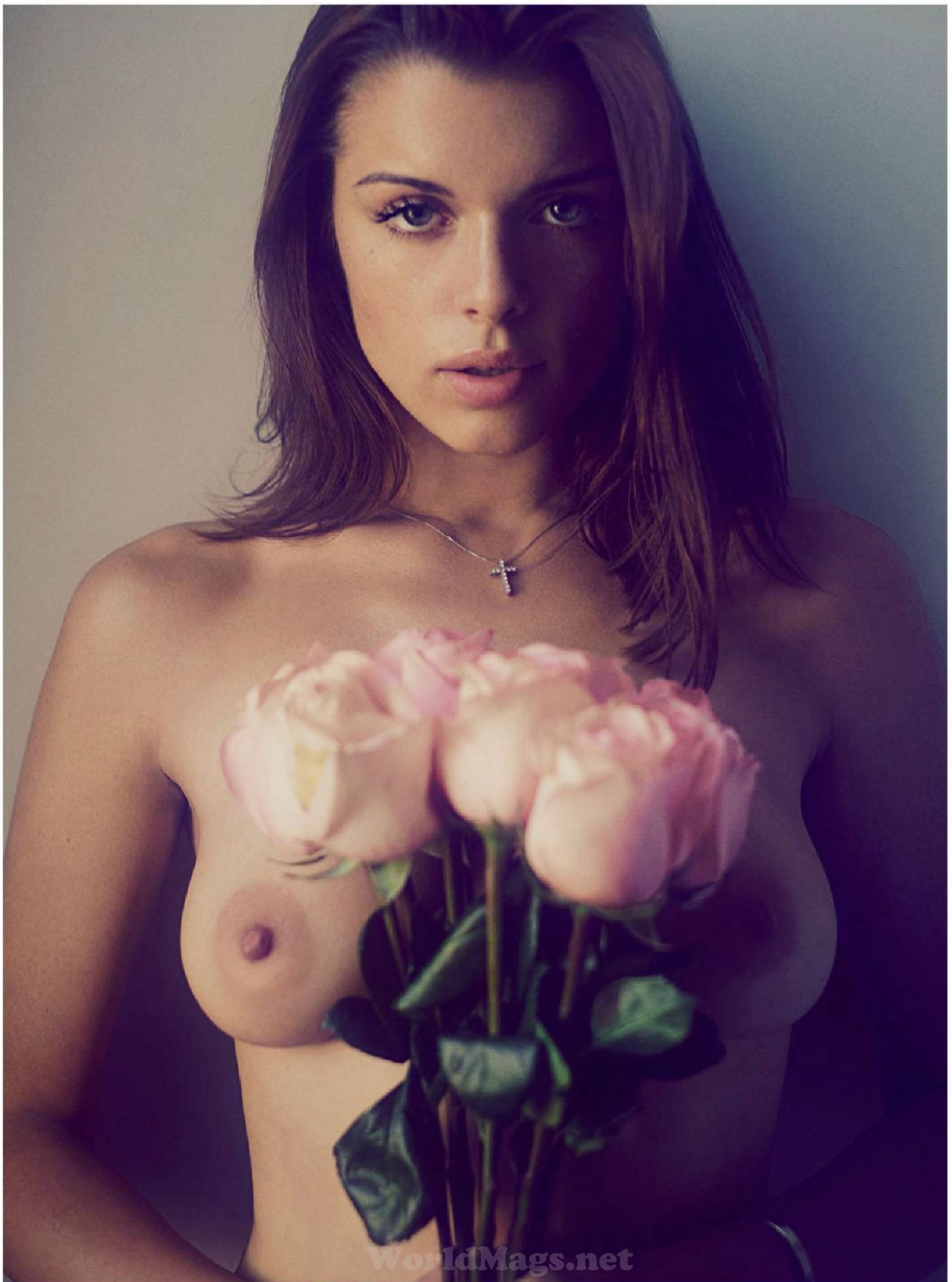
stone- cold- fox

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GREG MANIS

WorldMags.net













Best

Bars

IN AMERICA 2015

THE COCKTAIL REVOLUTION IS OFFICIALLY OVER, AND THE HANDS-DOWN VICTOR IS THE AMERICAN DRINKER. THE QUALITY AND VARIETY OF ESTABLISHMENTS ON OUR ANNUAL RANKING OF THE BEST NEW BARS IN AMERICA ARE MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN EVER: OF THE 20 BARS ON THIS YEAR'S LIST, NO FEWER THAN THREE TAKE THEIR INSPIRATION FROM THE TIKI TREND; TOP-NOTCH COCKTAIL NIBBLES FREQUENTLY ACCOMPANY THE LIBATIONS, AND SNOOTY MIXOLOGISTS ARE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. TEXT BY ALIA AKKAM

BEST LATIN-INSPIRED BAR

Leyenda, New York

• Across the street from Julie Reiner's beloved Clover Club is Leyenda, her newest project with partner Ivy Mix (below). Mix has spent time in Guatemala, so Leyenda's array of tequila, mezcal, pisco and cachaça drinks—such as the maiden name (cachaça, lime, coconut, vanilla, cinnamon, passion fruit, nutmeg)—is a manifestation of that vivacious Latin spirit.

221 Smith Street, Brooklyn, leyendabk.com



BEST JAPANESE-INFLECTED BAR

BAR GOTO, NEW YORK

When Kenta Goto left Audrey Saunders's celebrated Pegu Club to open his own joint there was no doubt it would be a quality one. The sexy Lower East Side space is exactly that, with addictive *okonomi-yaki*, a mandatory accompaniment to every crisp gin—cherry blossom—maraschino sakura martini.

245 Eldridge Street, bargoto.com

BEST SOUTHERN-ACCENTED BAR

Julep, Houston

• Alba Huerta's mission is to honor the South. Since opening Julep, her menus have paid homage to Houston, the region's rural roots and great port cities. This is captured in such thoughtfully crafted libations as the low country, which unites Carolina Gold rice cream with cachaça, lime, cinnamon and absinthe.

1919 Washington Avenue, julephouston.com

BEST COCKTAIL BAR FOR WINE LOVERS

SHIFT DRINKS PORTLAND, OREGON

The wine list skews geeky at this downtown spot, and co-owner Alise Moffatt deftly weaves vino into the cocktails too, including the besos for pesos, a simple mulled wine meets Mexican Coke. The physically forgotten, an aperitif that melds gin, Cynar, maraschino and bitters with lemon oil, will turn oenophiles into cocktail converts.

1200 SW Morrison Street, shiftdrinkspx.com



BEST SPIN ON TIKI

Mother of Pearl, New York

• There is very little rum—and just a smidgen of kitsch—on the menu at this airy green-and-white tiki-influenced bar. Instead, Jane Danger's menu captures the escapist mind-set usually associated with thatched huts and mai tais via such refined creations as the sound of silver (rosemary, Gran Classico, velvet falernum, apple brandy, rye).

95 Avenue A, motherofpearlnyc.com

BEST REVIVED DIVE

HOLIDAY COCKTAIL LOUNGE NEW YORK

Typically landmark bars re-open to lukewarm reviews. Not this East Village dive. It's every bit as vibrant in its new incarnation as it was when it was Madonna's playground, except this time the drinks are much better. The original horseshoe bar is a prime spot to unwind with a Brooklyn babe (gin, ginger beer, honey syrup).

75 St. Mark's Place, holidaycocktaillounge.nyc



BEST PATIO BAR

Best Intentions Chicago

• It's pleasant to knock back a wondermint malted in the company of the jukebox inside this Logan Square spot, but the cabana is even more alluring. For its summer debut, the alfresco bar cranked out horchata margaritas that have us yearning for warmer weather.

3281 W. Armitage Avenue, bestintentionschicago.com





BEST NEIGHBORHOOD HANGOUT (THAT HAPPENS TO BE A TIKI BAR)

Lost Lake, Chicago

• Three Dots and a Dash mastermind Paul McGee strikes gold with this tropical hideaway. His imaginative creations include the hula hips of heaven (tequila, mezcal, grapefruit, lime, velvet falernum, cinnamon, Angostura bitters, absinthe), paired with Chinese sausage-pineapple fried rice from the bar's adjacent eatery.
3154 W. Diversey Avenue, lostlaketiki.com

BEST COCKTAIL BAR FOR THE HUNGRY

DAMN THE WEATHER, SEATTLE

Beyond the chicken-fat fries and blood-sausage sliders, there are many reasons to visit this brick-and-marble oasis in Pioneer Square. Bryn Lumsden and Jay Kuehner have an extensive spirits collection and a penchant for dreaming up intriguing drinks such as the shiso-laced, rye-centric black cherry smash.
116 First Avenue South, damntheweather.com

BEST RESTAURANT BAR

SPOON AND STABLE
MINNEAPOLIS

The food from Daniel Boulud vet Gavin Kaysen keeps raking in the accolades, but the bar, helmed by Robb Jones, is also worth roosting at. Jones offers daily-changing libations and spins on the classics, including a sidecar with pear brandy and orange-vanilla bitters.
211 First Street North, spoonandstable.com



BEST TRADITIONAL TIKI BAR

LATITUDE 29
NEW ORLEANS

One would be hard-pressed to find a more informed tiki expert than Jeff "Beachbum" Berry (below). When he opened his bar inside the French Quarter's Bienville House, he had no choice but to make it a great one. The presence of a Ponchartrain pearl diver (Jamaica rum, lime, passion fruit, honey-butter spice mix) indeed confirms it is so.
321 N. Peters Street, latitude29nola.com



BEST SUBTERRANEAN BAR

MIDNIGHT RAMBLER, DALLAS

Beneath the Joule Hotel sits the animated rock-meets-deco Midnight Rambler, where the drinks—such as a temple of the moon (jasmine-infused pisco, pineapple, lime, Texas mineral water, nutmeg) or a digestif of Irish whiskey, cassis and Ethiopian single-origin coffee—inspire deep thoughts.
1530 Main Street, midnightramblerbar.com

BEST CASUAL COCKTAIL BAR

*The Normandie Club
Los Angeles*

• The Normandie Club, a Koreatown collaboration between Proprietors LLC and 213 Nightlife, is devoid of pretense. The menu is devoted to classics with compelling tweaks (to wit: a coconut bourbon old-fashioned). Bonus: The Walker Inn, a more intimate lair, is tucked inside.
3612 W. Sixth Street, thenormandieclub.com



MOST IMAGINATIVE COCKTAIL CONCEPT

Mace, New York

• Mace opened in the East Village just in time to revive jaded drinkers, wowing them with Nico de Soto's menu that evokes a spice shop. Black-mustard-seed-infused Suze mixed with banana liqueur and lemon juice proves complexity is still alive and well behind the stick.
649 E. Ninth Street, macenewyork.com

BEST BAR IN AN ON-THE-RISE HOOD

Forgery, San Francisco

• Western SoMa, site of a burgeoning high-tech corridor, is also home to the brick-walled Forgery. Jacques Bezuidenhout and Ken Luciano (below) preside over the bar, making quaffs such as el vampiro (mezcal, Manzanilla, crème de cassis, salt). Savor one while people-watching through the floor-to-ceiling windows. 1525 Mission Street, forgerysf.com



BEST BAR IN A TRAIN STATION

COOPER LOUNGE DENVER

Revamped Union Station is an architectural masterpiece. Sitting in this elegant boîte, one almost expects the *Orient Express* to glide through. The mezzanine locale guarantees downtown views to relish alongside cocktails such as the St. Therese (tequila, Bénédictine, Ancho Reyes liqueur) and Colorado Wagyu tartare spiked with sriracha dressing. 1701 Wynkoop Street, cooperlounge.com

BEST BAR FOR DAYTIME DRINKING

ABV San Francisco

• This Mission District bar from Ryan Fitzgerald, Erik Reichborn-Kjennerud and Todd Smith opens at two p.m., which means it's quite possible to spend an afternoon getting delightfully sauced on the likes of a jackel (rye, lemon, pineapple, cardamom) before tackling a burger draped in Cottonwood cheddar for dinner. 3174 16th Street, abvssf.com



BEST SPEAKEASY

PÉPÉ LE MOKO PORTLAND, OREGON

Leave it to Jeffrey Morgenthaler to elevate such once-cloying drinks as the blue Hawaii and the amaretto sour. By embracing quality ingredients, these upgrades, whipped up behind a handsome zinc bar, barely resemble the originals. Sip a Jägerita (yes, a Jägermeister margarita) in the swank surroundings. 407 SW 10th Avenue, pepelemokopdx.com

BEST BAR WITHIN A BAR

Slowly Shirley New York

• Descend from the vodka-fueled chaos of the Happiest Hour into Slowly Shirley, a throwback to 1940s art deco glamour. The fancy cocktails that barman Jim Kearns might turn out in this basement den include the gin and Irish whiskey-forward plum tucked, with plum sake, Aperol and cucumber. 121 W. 10th Street, slowlyshirley.com

BEST COCKTAILS IN AN OYSTER BAR

GRAND ARMY NEW YORK

This dark, dreamy oyster bar in idyllic Brooklyn also serves some of the city's best new cocktails, courtesy of Damon Boelte. Only a tippie like the boardwalk flyer (aged cachaca, Carpano Bianco, Giffard Banane du Brésil, fresh lime, mole bitters) could make a dozen briny bivalves even more transcendent. 336 State Street, Brooklyn, grandarmybar.com

WHO IS THIS MAN AND WHAT HAS HE DONE TO BOXING?

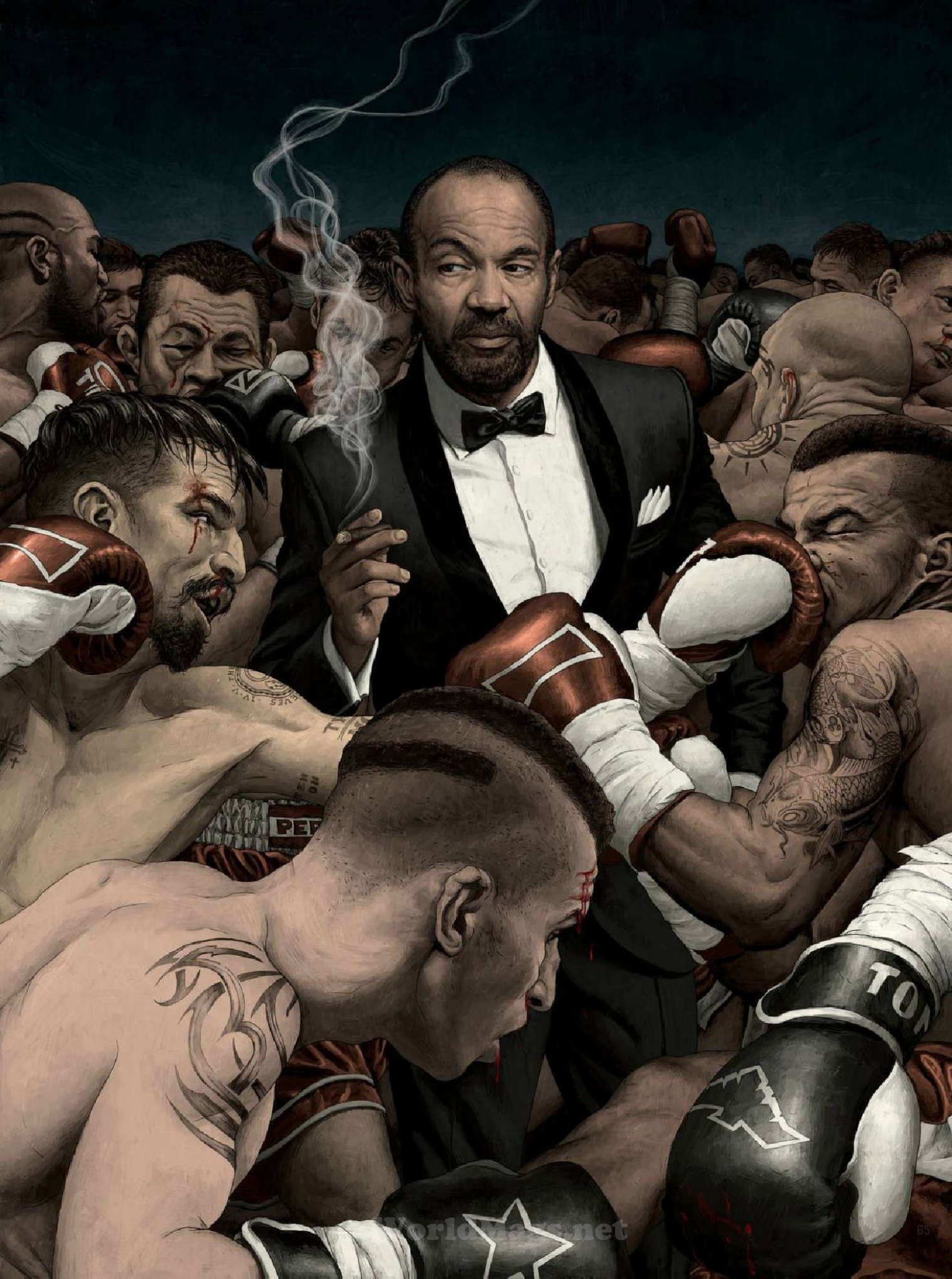
THE MANAGER WHO BUILT FLOYD MAYWEATHER INTO ONE OF THE HIGHEST-PAID ATHLETES IN HISTORY IS TAKING ON THE ENTIRE BOXING INDUSTRY. THE SPORT WON'T GO DOWN EASY

I have come to Tampa in search of a man. In newspapers and chat rooms, on blogs and video, this man has been referred to as the Phantom, the Wizard of Oz, the new Don King, Keyser Söze, the Rasputin of Boxing and the most powerful man in sports. There are theories about him: that he's turning boxing into the USFL, that he's killing boxing just as he killed Motown Records and, my favorite, that he doesn't actually exist but is a creation of the Illuminati to launder money through certain TV networks. I have never met or even seen the man in

person, so I cannot confirm nor deny any of that. I am sure of only one fact: The man's name is Alan Haymon.

I'm told Haymon is not in Tampa. Physically, that is. Yet as I roam the 10,400-seat Sun Dome, home to the University of South Florida Bulls and tonight's ESPN show, it's obvious Haymon is everywhere. Most of the 20 fighters on the card, including headliners Keith "One Time" Thurman (25-0, 21 KOs) and Luis Collazo (36-6, 19 KOs), are managed by Haymon. The entire mobile set featuring the dazzling Wall of

BY TIM STRUBY
ILLUSTRATION BY
RORY KURTZ



Thunder—a Times Square-size array of three-millimeter LEDs (costing in the neighborhood of \$2 million) displaying the fighters' names and head shots—was funded by Haymon. His fingerprints are on ESPN too, this being the debut of an ESPN-Haymon monthly boxing series that replaces the weekly *Friday Night Fights*.

To those with a stake in the sweet science, Al Haymon has been known as the sport's preeminent boxing manager-advisor for the past decade. He has amassed 200-plus fighters including Thurman, heavyweight Deontay Wilder, Adonis Stevenson and Floyd Mayweather, all of whom espouse a fealty to Haymon usually reserved for a deity. He's a 60-year-old Ivy Leaguer and former music promoter who shuns publicity and attention like a vampire avoids sunlight. No photo shoots. No interviews.

Then, in January of this year, the boxing universe was rocked when NBC Sports Group announced the launch of the *Premier Boxing Champions* series, 20 live bouts airing on NBC and NBC Sports Network throughout 2015. This meant the sport was returning—regularly—to pedestrian TV, including five prime-time shows, something the networks hadn't aired in three decades. The architect and owner of the Premier Boxing Champions brand? Al Haymon. As if that news wasn't enough, over the coming months PBC announced what felt like a new TV deal every week, including ones with CBS, ESPN, Spike, Bounce and Fox Sports. As the story unfolded, it was revealed that Haymon had raised \$425 million to fund his attempt to return boxing to "free" TV and, in doing so, to the national zeitgeist.

Some hailed it as a bold, long overdue move to revive a stagnating sport. Others flipped out, claiming Haymon is attempting to hijack the sport and put high-profile promoters (Top Rank, Golden Boy) and networks (HBO, Showtime) out of the boxing business. Instead of seeing Haymon as a savior, many see him as a shady, secretive Suge Knight of boxing who is way out of his league. "There are a lot of smart people with access to lots of money who make stupid decisions," said Kathy Duva, CEO of Main Events promotions. "They set themselves into a hole and it blows up. This is gonna blow up."

Back at the Sun Dome, however, the only thing blowing up is the 7,000-strong crowd. Spotlights swirl. The Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius" (the Chicago Bulls' intro song) blares over the sound system. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to go live on ESPN. Let's make some noise for the PBC!" With 11 cameras, glitzy staging and palpable excitement for Clearwater, Florida native Thurman, tonight's production



1. Al Haymon turned Floyd Mayweather into one of the highest-paid athletes. 2. Léo Santa Cruz and Abner Mares during a Premier Boxing Champions event. 3. A rare photo of Haymon.

"WHEN THIS IS ALL SAID AND DONE, IT'S GOING TO BE MUCH BIGGER THAN THE UFC."

is a serious upgrade from ESPN's now-defunct *Friday Night Fights*. "The PBC is bringing us fighters at their pinnacle," says Brian Kweder, senior director of programming and acquisitions. "That belongs on ESPN."

After a stunning ninth-round TKO on the undercard, the main event kicks off. The 26-year-old Thurman, stronger, faster and sharper, dominates the first four rounds. But in the fifth, the veteran Collazo hurts Thurman with a left hook to the body. The younger fighter recovers, however, and a bloodied Collazo doesn't come out for the eighth round.

As I join the sated masses heading for the doors, I run into Tim Smith, Haymon Boxing's vice president of communications, a.k.a. the company

flack. Genial and quick with a smile, Smith, a former New York *Daily News* boxing scribe, chats with a white-haired acquaintance from the boxing business. They talk about the fight, the changes afoot and the future of PBC.

"That Al is going to be like Dana White and the UFC," notes the old-timer.

"Oh no," says Smith with a chuckle. "When this is all said and done, it's going to be much bigger than the UFC."

In September 1977, NBC's broadcast of Muhammad Ali's 15-round decision over Earnie Shavers drew a 37.3 rating with a 57 percent TV share—meaning more than half the households in America, or about 100 million people, tuned in. As recently as 1995, a Mike Tyson-Buster Mathis Jr. matchup on Fox attracted 26.5 million viewers. Times have changed. An average show on HBO—the undisputed champ of boxing programming—is seen in 1.3 million households. This past May, the long-awaited Floyd Mayweather-Manny Pacquiao bout, the most anticipated in recent

(continued on page 102)



"Would you like to hear today's specials?"

12

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

BY ROB TANNENBAUM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND

*THE ACTOR FORMERLY KNOWN AS HARRY POTTER
TALKS ABOUT LIFE AS A GROWN-UP, APPEARING NUDE
ONSTAGE, MASTURBATING IN HIS DRESSING ROOM AND
BEING VERTICALLY CHALLENGED IN A PROFESSION
THAT VENERATES THE TALL LEADING MAN*

WorldMag.net



20

Q1

PLAYBOY: You were 12 years old when the first *Harry Potter* film came out. At what point did you realize the role was going to follow you for the rest of your life?

RADCLIFFE: It may have become clear to me only in the past few years. In your head, you imagine it will all go away once the series is over. When I was first going out to bars and pubs, I was trying to pretend I could have a normal existence. Then you realize that people know who you are, and when you're in a bar they take out their camera phones. Eventually you accept that you have to adapt how you live.

Q2

PLAYBOY: The *Potter* series is over. Has the attention gone away?

RADCLIFFE: It feels like I get recognized *more* now. Here's what's scary: If you were 14 when the first film came out, you'd now be almost in your 30s and could well have a child under 10 whom you're now introducing to *Harry Potter*. We're already getting the next generation. That's just bizarre. It's never going away.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Why hasn't the appeal faded?

RADCLIFFE: Because the stories are great! A huge part of our culture now is that if something becomes successful there's a backlash. *Harry Potter* didn't have that. There are people who don't want to read it, but the number of people who actively dislike it is very low. The books are great, and they came along at the perfect moment, when there was a fear, because of the rise of computer games, that reading was going to become a thing of the past. When kids suddenly found these books, it was something everyone could get behind as a global populace.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You've been very forthright about the fact that you drank heavily between the ages of 18 and 20. Was that a reaction to public scrutiny?

RADCLIFFE: Anytime I'd go out to dance, camera phones would come out. That would make me very self-conscious, and what's the easiest way to escape being self-conscious? Alcohol is a quick way of doing that. So it was related in that way. A few years ago there was a TV ad




**DUSTIN
 HOFFMAN AND
 TOM CRUISE
 ARE ABOUT THE
 SAME HEIGHT
 AS I AM.**


that showed a lot of inventors, including a guy who invented the camera phone. He was smiling smugly into the camera, and I was just like, Fuck you. What have you wrought? [laughs] Camera phones are definitely not my favorite.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You've said you were an "annoying, loud, inappropriate, messy drunk." Can you tell us in what ways you were messy?

RADCLIFFE: No, no, no. I've given way too much. It becomes painful to watch your personal issues that you've tried to be sincere about get turned into fodder for TV gossip shows. I was forthright about it, as you said, but once you start talking about this, that's all you talk about. I can say lots of well-meaning stuff—why it happened and how I stopped—for three hours, and the headline would be DRUNK ON THE SET OF HARRY POTTER. So I don't talk about it as much now.

Q6

PLAYBOY: In the new movie *Victor Frankenstein*, you play the hunchbacked assistant Igor. As an actor, what's the appeal of playing someone malformed?

RADCLIFFE: It's not like, Oh great, how can I give myself terrible back pain

for the next few months? It's more that you embrace the physical challenge. If you do something that puts you in a little bit of pain, it makes you feel as though you're working slightly harder than you normally do as an actor. I did the play *The Cripple of Inishmaan* for four months in London and never had any physical problems. Doing what I did on *Frankenstein* for three weeks was a fucker. There's a crick in my neck now that was not there before.

Q7

PLAYBOY: You're a small guy. Does your size limit the roles you can play?

RADCLIFFE: I don't think so. Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise have very different careers, and they're both about the same height as I am. I could play a soldier. The minimum height for a marine is five feet, and I'm well above that. If you're asking, "Can you play a really fucking tall person?" No, obviously not. [laughs] Can I play a black guy? For similar reasons, no. I couldn't play something I wouldn't take myself seriously in. I wouldn't be able to take myself seriously as the quarterback in a football movie, which is my one legitimate gripe. I would love to be in a football movie. The only part I would get is the general manager.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You've said that your performance in *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, the fifth movie in the series, was your best, but you hate watching yourself in the sixth, *The Half-Blood Prince*. How did your best and worst performances come back-to-back?

RADCLIFFE: In every movie up to the sixth one, you can see a big step forward in my acting. And then it stopped, or went backward maybe, in the sixth film. I really enjoyed my performance in the fifth—part of it was how much I worked with people like Gary Oldman and David Thewlis. On the sixth, I remember watching it and thinking, Wow, there's been no growth. You're watching a mistake you made every day for 11 months—that's the way I saw it. I had the idea that Harry was like a soldier traumatized by war, and as a result of that, he shuts down emotionally. That's not a bad idea, but it's not the most interesting thing to watch for two and a half hours.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You met your girlfriend, Erin Darke, when you were both in the movie *Kill Your Darlings*. There's a scene in which her character gives your character a blow job in a library. Were you already dating at that point? (continued on page 106)



"The first thing we must do is remove the bear."



With deft hands and a distinctive point of view, Miss November etches an indelible mark on L.A.'s art scene

a creative force

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOSH RYAN



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more
photos

The first thing you need to know about Miss November Rachel Harris is that she is not a model. She's an artist who speaks eloquently about her practice, having studied at two of the country's top art schools. At her first show, Rachel sold all but two of her pieces, which are constructed for interior spaces from industrial materials such as concrete, wood, grout and resin. She was only 23 at the time. "Art has always been a way for me to be in my element and to challenge myself emotionally and physically," she says. "In my work you can see sensuality next to silence, young versus deep-rooted, sharp alongside soft." To hone her craft free of distractions, Rachel converted a downtown Los Angeles warehouse loft in the city's burgeoning arts

district into a studio, building out its rooms herself. "I get so involved in my work, sweating and crawling on the floor, that such a space is necessary. I like getting dirty." The idiosyncrasy of an angelic beauty looming over crude materials isn't lost on her. "I'm not taken seriously most of the time," she says. "When I go to Home Depot to pick up tools, they think I'm shopping for a boyfriend. But I appreciate it, because it's empowering when I change minds." As to why Rachel chose to cross mediums, from behind the canvas to in front of the lens, she says, "I've been told selling yourself with your art degrades it, but I strongly disagree. The art world is constantly inspired by the female form. PLAYBOY is giving me the opportunity to be represented as a public artist."

PLAYBOY.COM/RACHEL-HARRIS



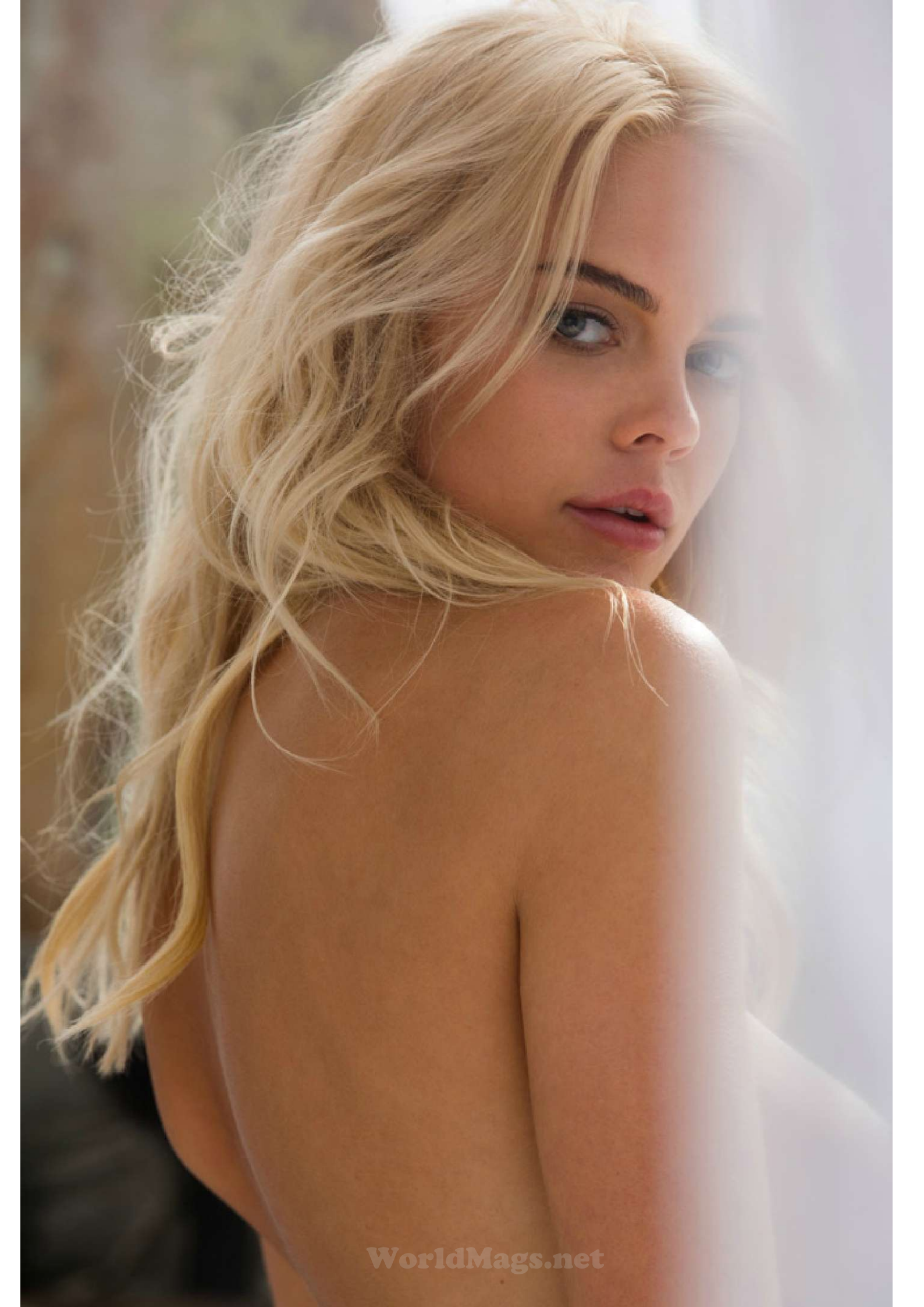


















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MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







WorldMap

Rachel Harris

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: RACHEL HARRIS
 BUST: 32D WAIST: 24" HIPS: 34"
 HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 100 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 6/24/91 BIRTHPLACE: PASADENA, CA

AMBITIONS: To be recognized as an artist and a personality, challenging the face behind the work.

TURN-ONS: Someone who is passionate in their work and equally excited about mine.

TURNOFFS: A guy unwilling to step outside his comfort zones. Why not try something new?

DIRTY TALK: I fully immerse myself in my art practice. Cleaning up is satisfying only after you've gotten dirty.

THE WAY I SEE IT: Every experience is worth having, if for nothing else but to learn a lesson.

DATE NIGHT: A little bit of comfort and a little surprise: Feed me good food and teach me something new.



PUG LIFE.



RIDE or DIE.



HARD IN THE PAINT.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An open letter from the citizens of Canada to the citizens of the United States:

You elected George H.W. Bush; we sent you Celine Dion.

You elected George W. Bush; we sent you Nickelback.

You re-elected George W. Bush; we sent you Justin Bieber.

Do not elect Donald Trump; you don't want to know what's coming next.

A cross between Captain America and the Hulk would be a star-spangled Banner.

So if we lie to the government it's a felony, but if they lie to us it's politics.



A husband sent a text to his wife: "Honey, I got hit by a car outside the office. Tina brought me to the hospital. They've been taking tests and doing X-rays. The blow to my head was very strong, and it may be serious. Also, I have three broken ribs, a broken arm, a compound fracture on my left leg and they may have to amputate my right foot."

His wife's response: "Who's Tina?"

You're looking a little off today," a man said to his co-worker.

"Well, last week my wife caught me cross-dressing," the co-worker replied.

"What did you do after that?" asked the first.

The second replied, "I packed her things and left."

If you switch off the light, I'll take it up the ass," a wife told her husband. The room went dark, and she let out a horrible scream. The husband thought to himself, Maybe I should have waited for the bulb to cool off first.

Overheard at Whole Foods: "Um, I need to read the numbers on the barcode aloud to you. I don't want any lasers touching my food."

Dating in the past 20 years:

1995: "I made you this mixtape."

2005: "I made you this mix CD."

2015: "Here's a cell phone picture of my dick."

A few years after retiring, a man started to feel restless sitting around the house all day. To fill his time he decided to take an easy job as a greeter at Walmart. About two hours into his first day, a very loud, mean-spirited woman walked in with her two kids, yelling obscenities at them the entire time. Remembering his employee training, the man said pleasantly, "Good morning. Nice children you have there. Are they twins?"

The woman stopped yelling long enough to say, "Hell no, they ain't twins. They don't look alike and they ain't even close in age. Why the hell would you think they're twins? Are you blind or just stupid?"

"I'm neither blind nor stupid," the man answered. "I just can't believe someone slept with you twice. Have a good day and thank you for shopping at Walmart."

Our friend's doctor recently wrote him a prescription for "dailysex." His girlfriend insists it says "dyslexia."

An investigative reporter did a deep dive into Donald Trump's background and discovered his grandfather once owned a brothel. When reached for comment, Trump said, "Screwing people for money is a long family tradition."



Two newlyweds quickly realized their marriage wasn't working and filed for divorce. The judge wanted to know what the problem was.

The husband answered, "In the seven weeks we've been married, we haven't been able to agree on a single thing."

The judge turned to the wife and asked, "Have you anything to say?"

The wife responded, "It's been seven and a half weeks, Your Honor."

Two men were among the guests at a friend's bachelor party. "You know, in America one in 20 men is gay," the first said. "Statistically that means one of the guys here is homosexual. Which do you think it is?"

"I hope it's Jeff," the second said. "He's cute."

Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com.



"I've taken lots of medicine orally, but this is the first time I've taken the doctor."

MAN-MADE HANDMADE

Stand out from the masses with these artisan-created products that have a cool handcrafted vibe. An unstuffy luxury shines through in the honest materials, adroit handiwork and essential details

BY VINCENT BOUCHER

Lad Flatter

► Nick Fouquet is reviving the art of custom hatmaking in L.A.'s Venice Beach with a bohemian style inspired by everything from gutter punks to Keith Richards to the dandy *sapeurs* of the Congo. The old-school process

numbers 20-odd steps, including custom measuring, steaming and pressing the shape on block forms, drying and sanding the felt—and often a final distressing with dirt and flames, which Fouquet alludes to with a signature matchstick tucked into the hatband.

Throttling Back

► Roland Sands designs a custom rebuild of the classic full-fender Indian Chieftain that looks like a throwback to the 1920s but comes tricked out with all the modern amenities, including Bluetooth, cruise control and navigation, for a superbly engineered ride. Part board tracker, part dragster and part café racer, this deconstructed two-wheeler is half the weight of a stock bike but offers a full measure of the rawness that makes vintage machines so appealing.



Custom Indian Track Chief, \$125,000, rolandsands.com



Custom Route 83 hat, \$1,395, nickfouquet.com



PK grill and smoker,
\$370, pkgrills.com

Smoking Hot

▲ Barbecue purists love the PK grill (introduced 60-plus years ago) for its near-bulletproof durability, handsome midcentury lines and tailgate-friendly portability (*PK* stands for Portable Kitchen). Made

of hand-cast aluminum in Little Rock, Arkansas, it has a hinged cooking grate that allows for easy replenishment of charcoal, giving it an edge in the slow-and-low department. The thick sidewalls and rustproof construction make this outdoor cooker an instant heirloom.



Doheny
eyeglasses,
\$300, raen.com

Coming Into Frames

▲ RAEN, based in Oceanside, California, offers handmade eyewear with the flavor of midcentury architecture and automobiles. The custom frames are fashioned of hand-finished

acetate, a renewable material derived from wood pulp and cotton fibers in which the color is embedded so it never peels, yellows or fades. A final polishing enhances styles like this rectangular frame with a classic keyhole nose bridge.



Where It's Spats

▼ Vintage military spats that once kept rain and snow out of a soldier's boots are repurposed in this collectible duffel bag. (The straps are officer belts attached with uniform-collar buttons.) Waltzing



Vintage spat duffel, \$1,800, waltzingmatildausa.com



Matilda's Mike Balitsaris started his Pennsylvania company out of the back of a VW van with tools and scrap leather. His hope is that his handcrafted accessories made from reclaimed materials will travel with the owner down other roads for a long time.

Mover & Shaper

► Jeff McCallum went from shop sweeper to one of the most in-demand surfboard shapers around. From his base in San Diego he has become known for retro-inspired forms and a crisp color palette. His diverse design influences range from vintage Porsches to current Apple products—but they all share a no-frills sensibility. “Even if something is simple and high quality, the details have to be there too,” he has said. “It’s all about the details.”



Custom-shaped board, prices vary, mccallumsurfboards.com



Hand-sewn Low sneakers, \$520, feitdirect.com

On Your Feet

◀ Australian brothers Tull and Josh Price of the New York company FEIT (pronounced “feet”) describe their products—limited-production footwear handmade with vegetable-dyed leather from Italian tanneries—

as “neoluxury.” Most styles are constructed from one piece; the shoes conform to the foot for comfort, and because leather is naturally breathable, they can be worn without socks. Each pair comes signed and dated by the individual craftsman who built it.



El Blocko turntable, \$1,275 to \$1,375, audiowood.com

Sound Move

◀ Down in New Orleans, artist and woodworker Joel Scilley crafts the Audiowood line of sustainably produced turntables in fine finishes such as macassar ebony and santos rosewood. His modernist El Blocko model features a Rega 24-volt drive system and RB303 tonearm, a glass platter, a quality acrylic dust cover and shock-absorbing rubber feet. Because the Rega Elys 2 cartridge comes already mounted and aligned, El Blocko takes only a few minutes to set up.

Burn Again

▶ Prospector Co. of Savannah, Georgia takes the woody scent of the forest, tempered with a bit of the leathery richness that infuses the company’s signature beard oil, as the base for this

hand-poured Burroughs Flame candle. The vegetable-wax blend contains pure essential oils and quality fragrances produced in small batches. Prospector suggests the reusable glass tumbler makes a great vessel for whiskey sipping later on.



Burroughs Flame candle (8 ounces), \$35, prospectorco.com

Crown Royal.
PRESENTS

THE NEW Royals

The craft of making things is back. Across America, there is a new generation of makers who are committed to crafting high-quality products by hand. Inspired by the authenticity of what came before them, these individuals are reinventing heritage and quality for the new age. Here, PLAYBOY teams up with Crown Royal to highlight four of the gentlemen who are leading this new high-quality, handcrafted movement. From custom-built furniture and bicycles to the perfect fit of denim to the most creative scoop of ice cream you've tasted, these are the New Royals.

**SAM MASON,
ODD FELLOWS ICE CREAM CO.
AND EMPIRE MAYONNAISE CO.**

Building on the success of his artisanal mayo company (Empire Mayonnaise Co.), critically acclaimed chef Sam Mason launched Odd Fellows Ice Cream Co. to reimagine ice cream with unique flavors and formulations. With flavors such as caramelized onion, chorizo caramel and extra virgin olive oil, creativity and innovation is the name of the game at Mason's New York-based shops. "We don't compromise by buying a pre-made base; we make everything in-house using only the finest ingredients," he says. "People definitely notice the difference." oddfellowsnyc.com
empiremayo.com

How do you take your whisky?
Anywhere from on the rocks to on a popsicle stick.

**A ROYAL
COLLECTION**

THREE WHISKIES THAT
DEMONSTRATE THE CRAFT
AND ARTISTRY OF CROWN ROYAL



Crown Royal Northern Harvest Rye

→ This is the rye whisky that brings spicy notes to the De Luxe blend. Made from 90 percent rye whisky, it's simultaneously spicy and smooth, and ideal for Manhattans and Old Fashioneds.

DANE STEINLICHT, ROGUEBUILT

Dane Steinlicht is a guy with a self-professed inability to work for anyone else, which led to the birth of design studio roguebuilt. Steinlicht and his partner, Matt Lake, draw inspiration for their modern furniture designs from the streets of Brooklyn and the New York design scene. "We are lucky to be in Brooklyn, where so many designers, makers and artists can live and work so closely together," Steinlicht notes. roguebuilt.co

Why do you love PLAYBOY?

Just reading it for the articles, like everybody else here.



"IT'S AMAZING TO BE A PART OF A GROUP THAT TAKES
RAW MATERIAL AND SHAPES IT INTO SOMETHING
GENUINE, MORE BEAUTIFUL AND VALUED."

—DANE STEINLICHT

**MICHAEL SALVATORE,
HERITAGE BICYCLES**

Owner of Chicago-based Heritage Bicycles, Michael Salvatore, finds his creative spark from vintage handmade designs. A true entrepreneur, Salvatore has grown the Heritage brand into several spin-offs—all with high-quality products at the core. "From the long-lasting quality product to what you as a consumer are giving back to your country and the local economy," he says. "It is something any customer should be proud of." heritagebicycles.com

How do you take your whisky?
On the rocks.

**MATT EDDMENSON,
IMOGENE + WILLIE**

Matt Eddmenson started Nashville-based imogene + willie with his wife, Carrie, to make denim in the USA that would last forever. With an expert eye for fabric and a focus on the details, they create denim with the perfect fit. Eddmenson says, "A lot of times it's the details you'll never notice that make up high-quality craftsmanship. A really high-quality tight stitch can get me pretty excited. I'm such a nerd." imogeneandwillie.com

What's the one thing people should know about imogene + willie?

We care. Each pair of our denim carries the tag **MADE WITH LOVE.**

WHISKY MASTER**Q+A WITH STEPHEN WILSON,
CROWN ROYAL BRAND AMBASSADOR**

Tell us about your role as the National Brand Ambassador for Crown Royal.

As the National Brand Ambassador, I travel across the country to showcase

our rich whiskies at events and provide consumers and bartenders with the latest news from Crown Royal. I'm proud to represent a brand that's so deeply rooted in rich heritage and quality whisky production, and I love playing a larger part in the education of the liquid's history and credentials.

What is it about the craftsmanship that goes into each bottle of Crown Royal Blended Canadian Whisky that gives it the unmistakable smoothness and signature taste?

When British royals King George VI and Queen Elizabeth embarked across the Atlantic on a grand tour of Canada in 1939, a special blend of luxurious Canadian whisky was commissioned in their honor. That whisky is now known as Crown Royal De Luxe. It all starts with the foundation of fresh water and harvest grains that make up Crown Royal's 50 distinct, full-bodied Canadian Whiskies. After distillation, the whiskies are aged in white oak barrels before being selected at the peak of maturity.

How are Crown Royal's signature blends created?

When it comes to the art of blending, we produce a wide variety of styles of whisky at Crown Royal. All of these whiskies are aged in white American oak, both new and refill barrels, which gives our blenders hundreds of whiskies to choose from when creating our signature blends. Think of a blend as an orchestra. The individual whiskies are the solo instruments, and the master blender acts as the conductor to create a perfectly balanced symphony.

**Crown Royal Hand Selected Barrel**

→ Produced in our distillery's Coffey Rye still, this whisky is the heart of our De Luxe blend. On its own, it's best enjoyed neat or with water.

**Crown Royal Fine De Luxe**

→ This luxuriously smooth blend of 50 fine whiskies is crafted to meet the exacting standards of a king. It's excellent on the rocks or in a Buck.



Please Drink Responsibly.
Crown Royal Blended Canadian Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. ©2015 The Crown Royal Company, Norwalk CT.

SOUTH OF BRADLEY

AN OLD COUNTRY REVENGE STORY

Roy Alison hadn't killed a man in three years, two months and four days.

He backed the truck next to a box of a gas station, across from a cemetery, sign misspelled. Still a quarter tank of gas. Wouldn't need that much, he figured. Stepped down from the truck, creaked the door closed, half-down window shaking in the hollow.

Avalanches too small to notice, loose gravel under his boots, carried him to the front door, a hole cut into the wall, metal shelves and dust inside. Sunlight dulling in the air. Strewn with newspapers, a mat that thanked you for shopping.

When Roy walked in, the man behind the counter stopped talking to the TV, nodded hello. Slight man. Arms like sticks you'd use to spit-roast a squirrel. T-shirt with some saying on it, something clever, faded now from 20 years of coin-op dryers, wadded in the bottom of Sunday-morning laundry piles. A beard that was just coming in patches these days. A thick clump weeding up under the jaw, white and black. Gray wires thinning into twists around the cheeks. Nothing now but something to scratch. A man who took to just eating the smaller catfish bones as he found them

because, hell, why bother. A baseball cap he said was lucky, torn mesh in the back, raised just above a crown of sweat on his forehead.

"Can't find it, lemme know, son," he chirped. "We ain't got it, you don't need it."

Hanging loose over the T-shirt, a thin flannel with a pocket that no longer held anything, aging away at the corners, little holes where things used to be stitched together. The man wiped nothing from his chin, a leftover habit in a life of leftovers, went back to the TV.

Roy pulled a sleeve of orange crackers from a shelf of pine-tree air fresheners and cellophaned tissues, wiped the slick dust film onto his pant leg. Fumbled with the edge until he'd had enough of fighting it, flicked open a blade most people never noticed, slit the plastic like skin.

Barges of fluorescent tubes hummed above him, dangling in rusted metal trays, swaying for no reason. The same lights, the same hum he'd grown used to, locked up. The way you get used to things. The way time passes in clumps, then not at all.

The door to the cooler was already leaning open, wet fog inside clear doors, where he might have drawn a smiley face when he was a

FICTION BY STEVE WEDDLE

ILLUSTRATION BY JONATHAN BARTLETT



kid, traveling Arkansas back roads with his parents, before they'd died, before he'd spent his teenage years in jails and homes, before any of it. The inside fog now cool to the backs of his fingers, dragging along, the caked blood between his knuckles falling away as he wiped his hand on his shirt. He pulled a tall can of tea from the trays of bottles and cans, set the crackers on a shelf behind him, and opened the can. Took the tea, the crackers to the counter.

The leftover man asked if that was all.

"Got a map?"

"A map? Of what?"

"Of around here," Roy said, looked out the door. "Athens. The county."

The man shook his shoulders like a laugh. "Ain't no map of around here I never heard of. Ain't no point in that."

Roy said all right. Just the can and the crackers then.

"You need to know how to get someplace? Going up to the lake?"

Roy asked what lake.

"Shady Lake. Few miles back. For the camping. Fishing. Nobody comes in here less I know them what ain't going up to the camping and fishing. Course, Greeson ain't far neither."

Roy said he wasn't going camping, slid a hand into his front pocket against his grandfather's cuff links, round enamel fragments of home, of his grandparents together decades back. Roy took a breath, waited.

"Just passing through?" the man asked, waking up a little, getting that quick look on his face, the look Roy hadn't gotten used to. The one where they're trying to figure out whether to wait until you leave to call the cops or just shoot you right there.

"Supposed to help a man. A Mr. Rudd," Roy said, figuring he had to say more, had to give the man something to hold on to, something to believe, even the truth. "My uncle set me up with a job."

"That right?" the man asked, the name Rudd sticking.

Roy nodded. Said it was construction. Said he didn't have all the details. Kind of a last-minute thing, he said, explaining.

"Can't say I know any, what did you say the name was again?" the man asked, overplaying it.

"Rudd," Roy said again. "Old Bridge." "Nope. No Rudds I know of. Might try up to Mena. Lotta folks up that way."

Roy said he would, took his change, walked back into the outside as the man reached for the phone.

Roy found the sign that said OLD BRIDGE and twisted the steering wheel to the right, turned the truck down the dirt road, flat with chicken farms on the left, a ridge up on the right, houses drifting couches and childless toys into the yards, car husks piling, collecting in browning clusters.

The road rutted so that you'd find yourself in a deep scar, testing the axles to pull out, the road pocked with gravel, last year's beer cans bent and torn, gathering rain in the ditches, and the sharp, quick, routine pops under the tires, like shards of a widow's crystal lamp that had gotten used to the breaking. Everything cut through with CCC roads, fire roads, log runs. Every so often an old storm-dropped oak nobody'd bothered to clear, lying there, waiting for coons and foxes, flaking kindling back into the earth.

Roy pulled in to the right, drove past the mailbox, a thin, flat gray from a black-and-white photograph, leaning into the road. The gray box, flagless, each number a sun-fade from a long-lost sticker, a faint scab of dirt, a suggestion. An address no one much

**ROY COUNTED THE
SECONDS TO HIS GUN ON
THE TABLE, THE LOOSE
BULLETS ROLLING BACK
AND FORTH AGAINST
NOTHING BUT GRAVITY.**

needed anymore. Everything coming Current Resident or not coming at all.

He eased past chicken houses, aimed the truck upwind. Roy got to a gate, slowed the tires over the rusted-pipe cattle grate, gears dropping into the hill, the rise to the house that once looked out over something worth seeing.

At the top of the hill, he climbed out of the truck, seat springs coming back up as he lifted, door easing shut. He stood for a second, heard the whirry *congalee* of a red-winged blackbird from the edge of the field, the female *chil-chitting* in response. He found next to the only other car around, a little red foreign thing, community college sticker in the back window, graduation tassel hanging from the mirror. Backseat, a spread pile of CDs, like a deck of cards spilled across the floor on some other family's game night.

His grandmother had tried, he knew, after his folks had died. In between his six months here, nine to 12 there. The gap between them too great sometimes. The everything between them. His returning to stay with her, his asking about his grandfather. His mother's father. The everything being tied up in that. The piece of family out there. Not knowing. The questions that didn't have any answers but the looking for

brought out. The needing to know. The other gaps—his parents gone, the years after gone—all holes that don't take any filling. Like that movie he'd seen as a kid, that opening straight through the earth, through the heart and clear out the other side into the nothing of space. But this, his grandfather, the closing off of this, the man who'd done it. Boards across that gap. That hole. This was something that could be done. Not the staring down the hole into the nothing. But a doing. An ending to a thing. A sealing off, smoothing the earth after.

Roy Alison turned his neck till it popped, twisted his spine, shoulders, palmed someone else's pistol in his back pocket and moved to the house.

The front porch, falling into the land around it in chunks. The steps, pieced together with yard-found stones and cinder blocks, porch planks coming to jagged ends where someone, years back, stepped a boot too heavy.

He moved up uncertain steps to the door as it opened, a woman in doctor's office florals looking at him.

She asked was there something she could do for him.

He said he needed to talk to Franklin Rudd. "He available?"

She asked what was this about.

"My grandpa," Roy said. "My mom's dad. Moses Tomlin. Everybody called him Doc."

"Why's that?" the nurse asked.

"I don't know," he said, not expecting to get into this right now.

"Anybody know?"

"Nobody I've asked."

"Got to be a reason," the nurse went on, neck skin tightening, loosening, a map of rivers and roads no one much traveled now. "Don't just make up names for people, you know."

"It's just his name. What people called him. Doesn't mean anything."

"Names mean something, sweetie. Everything means something, 'specially what they call you. Maybe he saved someone. When they were young," the nurse said, starting to nod. "Maybe your grandpa and some kids were doing something, one of them gets hurt, your grandpa saves them. Busted arm. Snakebite. Something like that."

Roy said sure, that seemed fine.

The nurse nodded, seemed to feel better. "So, you're here to see Mr. Rudd. You the one Elwin up the store called about."

"Maybe so, yeah."

"Will he know what this is in regards to?"

"He should," Roy said, looking past her and into the darkness. "I need to kill him."

Wasn't interested in leaving, she said. Paid until nine that night. She said if she left before (continued on page 110)



"Roger, are you trying to tell me something about your plans for later this evening?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SASHA
EISENMAN

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See ing *red*

We have nothing against fall and its changing foliage, but we much prefer to enjoy the season's autumnal hues indoors with auburn angels **Dominique Jane** and **Gia Marie**. So pour yourself a warm bourbon, stoke the fire and settle in





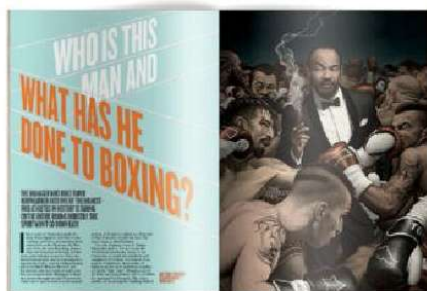












WHO IS THIS MAN AND WHAT HAS HE DONE TO BOXING?

Continued from page 66

memory and the biggest pay-per-view prizefight in history, did only 4.4 million PPV buys. "We used to be the number one sport," explains former HBO boxing czar Lou DiBella, now a New York City-based promoter. "Now on major sports websites boxing isn't even at the top of the ticker. It's listed under 'other' like billiards and sportfishing."

This is not to say boxing is dying. Clearly the \$400 million Mayweather-Pacman haul proves that. Nor is it to say the industry is replete with dolts and crooks. Promoter Bob Arum of Top Rank is as smart and shrewd as any executive in professional sports. HBO and Showtime have long carried the sport on their backs, helping to build stars from Julio César Chávez and Evander Holyfield to Oscar De La Hoya and Floyd Mayweather. But boxing isn't healthy. "For decades the entire model has been driven toward a few promoters and one or two networks," says Luis "Lou" Ferrer, who spent nearly 10 years (2004 to 2013) at HBO boxing before landing at NBC Sports as director of programming acquisitions. "They've been siphoning off every bit of profit for themselves, even though it meant shrinking the fan base and driving down viewership."

Solutions are no secret: Ditch the dizzying alphabet soup of sanctioning bodies (WBO, WBC, IBF, WBA). Reduce the number of weight classes (currently 17). End the greed, petty infighting, personal grudges and cronyism that have churned out too many crappy fights and put the kibosh on countless others that fans wanted to see. Put on fewer PPV cards. The loudest rallying cry of all? Bring boxing back to network television. "You can't grow a sport or an industry through PPV or premium cable," says DiBella.

Understandably, HBO and Showtime have little interest in boxing's return to network television because it represents competition. The promoters and managers didn't put up a fight because cable and PPV meant better money with less hassle. No one with any clout in boxing has done anything to remedy the stagnation until now. "I wasn't surprised about PBC's deal with NBC," says Duva,

hinting that Haymon absconded with her own NBC deal, a three-year contract that aired 20 shows, none of which were in prime time. "But I was surprised he was dealing with so many networks."

It is the spring of 1973 and all is good in Al Haymon's world. He calls East Cleveland home, three square miles of integrated working-class folks where houses are kept up and kids play in the streets. On the radio, the O'Jays, the Spinners and the Ohio Players groove about girls, cars and neighborhood pride. The previous November Haymon sat in the Cleveland Arena and watched hundreds of fans cheering for his older brother Bobby, a professional prizefighter, as he won his 18th bout. And that fall Al would be heading to Harvard. From his John Adams High School senior yearbook photo you can tell he's ready. It isn't the afro or the stylish wide-collared shirt but his cool Mona Lisa grin, behind which he seems to be saying, "That's right, motherfuckers, bring it on."

Bring it he did. By the late 1980s he was promoting Top 100, R&B and jazz acts from Luther Vandross and Patti LaBelle to Stanley Clarke and Freddie Jackson. "Was he a nice guy? He was a businessman. I don't know many nice businessmen," says the O'Jays' Walter Williams with a laugh. "But he treated people good, made connections with promoters in different areas and took us all over the U.S. I have mad respect for him."

The big time didn't translate to life in the fast lane. "We worked out of his house in Newton, Massachusetts," explains Arlan Little, hired by Haymon in the mid-1980s. "He was like James Brown, the hardest-working man in show business." When not living out of a suitcase, Haymon led a low-key life. No lavish dinners. He didn't drink, smoke or hit the postconcert parties he threw when his acts played in Boston. Blowing off steam meant playing pickup hoops on the Harvard campus. "He was quiet, never rude," says Little. "He even let me practice for my road test with his BMW."

Haymon dove into boxing after watching a fighter who reminded him of his brother. Welterweight Vernon "the Viper" Forrest was just like Bobby: the same weight class, the same soft-spoken demeanor and the same sort of problems. Earlier in his career, Bobby Haymon had been mismanaged. In 2002, Forrest, looking to get out of an unfavorable contract, sought Haymon's help. Following back-to-back victories over "Sugar" Shane Mosley, Haymon got the Viper a six-fight deal at HBO.

Two men hitting each other onstage may seem a far cry from Motown, but Haymon saw similarities. "Al has told me about his love of the sport," says Stephen Espinoza, executive vice president and general manager of Showtime Sports.

"But he also has the desire to protect these artists and fighters. He's seen how many participants get exploited."

There's not a person in the boxing business who has taken better financial care of fighters. Most managers take 33 percent; some take more. Haymon reportedly takes only 10 to 15 percent. Word is he doesn't take a cut for a boxer's first bout after signing nor for any fight under \$100,000. He has never been accused of stealing or impropriety. If there has been a consistent complaint over the years, it's that Haymon's clients are overpaid—at the expense of network budgets and a fair market value. "People were upset when they read how much I was making for fights," says former welterweight champ Andre Berto, who signed with Haymon in 2006. "But promoters and managers aren't throwing any punches. Why be upset with a man risking his life?"

Those closest to Haymon will attest that it's not only about the benjamins. Berto knows this better than most. He first got a call from Haymon in 2005. The fighter was happy with promoter Lou DiBella and told Haymon he wasn't in the market for a manager. "But then we started talking almost every day for eight or nine months," explains Berto. "Not boxing. It wasn't a sales pitch. We spoke about life, the real world."

Over time the Haitian American fighter discovered that Haymon hadn't changed much from the mid-1980s. He still worked out of his house in Massachusetts. He never took vacations; he got his highs "making things happen." No bags of cash. No flash. Loyal to a fault, his core staff—Sam Watson, Sylvia Browne, Brad Owens—had been with him for decades. The most important person in Haymon's life? Not Mayweather but Emma Lou, his mother. He regularly took her to church and brought her grocery shopping with all her coupons—miles away in Cleveland, where she lived.

Is it an act? Maybe Haymon is secretly mimicking fellow John Adams High School alum (class of 1951) Don King. Just speak to Paul Williams, the former middleweight champ who was paralyzed in a 2012 motorcycle accident. "Al was there from day one, calling every day," says Williams. "I can't make money for him anymore, but he still pushes me, motivates me, wants to see me make something for myself." Or ask Léo Santa Cruz, the undefeated Mexican brawler who named his second son Al in homage to Haymon. Or look at his record. In a sport where fighters change managers and promoters as often as they do gyms, I've heard of only two boxers who have parted ways with Haymon: junior welterweight Lucas Matthyse, who opted to remain with Golden Boy, and Andre Dirrell, who thought the grass would be greener with 50 Cent, only to call it "the biggest mistake" of his life. What

Feelings And Sensations



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did Haymon do? Exactly what Keyser Söze wouldn't have done: He took Dirrell back.

“Throw some fucking punches! You look like amateurs!”

I'm at another July fight night courtesy of PBC, this time at Pearl Concert Theater, an intimate eggshell of a venue at the Palms casino in Las Vegas. In the co-feature of this NBCSN show, a pair of uninspired cruiserweights reluctantly paw at each other as if they have better places to be. There are maybe 1,000 people on hand suffering, and Tim Smith tells me once again that Al Haymon is not among them.

Yet perched ringside I spy Floyd Mayweather, tonight's promoter of record and a fighter without whom PBC may never have come to be. Haymon, Mayweather and Mayweather's longtime manager, Leonard Ellerbe, first crossed paths in Atlantic City in 2005. “In the early 1980s, my favorite DJ, Catfish Mayfield, used to always talk about Al,” says Ellerbe, who was living in Northeast D.C. at the time. “He was one of the biggest concert promoters ever.” Mayweather, who in those days was signed to a multi-year deal with Top Rank, felt he wasn't getting the fights—and paydays—worthy of his potential. Haymon, armed with a Harvard MBA, had promoted the likes of Whitney Houston, Eddie Murphy (his *Raw* tour) and Michael Jackson. He'd helped create the legendary Budweiser Superfest concert series. He was a razor-sharp, straight-talking, successful black man who was serving as a consigliere to young fighters including Jermain Taylor and Chris Arreola. “We hit it off out of the gate,” says Ellerbe. “And it was the best move Floyd ever made in his career.”

In 2006, with Haymon in his ear, Mayweather forked over \$750,000 to buy out his Top Rank contract and become, essentially, a free agent. He'd be able to negotiate with networks and promoters (or promote himself) on a fight-to-fight basis. It was a gamble; if Mayweather stank, he would lose out on the guaranteed Top Rank money. But if he lived up to his talent, he could become a very rich man. A year after he left Top Rank, Mayweather pocketed \$25 million for a fight against Oscar De La Hoya, and over the next eight years he generated a billion dollars in PPV revenue. The Money Mayweather industry was born.

Meanwhile, Haymon was using a cozy relationship with then HBO boxing exec Kery Davis to turn the network into a pipeline for his growing stable of fighters. And after two decades in the music business, Haymon knew his side of the bargaining table. “He was the toughest negotiator I've ever been around,” says Ferrer. “He always delivered what he said he was going to, but he also used every bit of leverage he could to get his clients the best deals. He was the epitome of what we call in the legal world a zealous advocate.” Another TV executive (who asked to remain anonymous) tells of Haymon dishing out the leverage. “Al wanted us

to do a fight with Sakio Bika,” says the exec. Bika was a mediocre, bland super-middleweight, the boxing equivalent of a Marlins-Padres game. Naturally, the TV exec balked. “Al shook his head and said, ‘Well, that's not going to make Floyd very happy....’”

At some point Haymon dreamed up PBC, a plan that relied on two key components: One, secrecy. If word leaked, there would be a line of people looking to derail the venture. Two, boatloads of cash. PBC couldn't use the standard model in which TV networks pay a licensing fee for sports programming à la the NFL, MLB, UFC, etc. That ship had long since sailed for boxing. Instead, Haymon would turn the traditional model on its head: He was going to pay the networks to air PBC.

By 2013 he was signing fighters the way Mayweather buys cars, and the money, nearly half a billion dollars, was provided by Waddell & Reed, a \$40 billion fund that had already sunk \$1.5 billion into Formula One. A huge gamble? Yes. A potentially massive upside? Without question. With DVRs and video-on-demand undermining advertising, live sports have become a precious commodity. In 2011, Fox coughed up a reported \$100 million a year for the UFC. The next fall, NBC paid \$250 million for a three-year deal to air England's Premier League. Haymon's goal wasn't to sell a few ads or attract a sponsor or two. He was thinking much bigger. “This is a long play, a multiyear endeavor,” explains DiBella. “Al's attempting to brand something, to create a new audience with a consistent, reliable product.”

On March 7, *Premier Boxing Champions* debuted on NBC prime time from the MGM Grand Garden Arena in Las Vegas. The card featured Thurman and flashy Cincinnati native Adrien Broner. Although both fighters collected earned decisions, the biggest winner that night was PBC. Luring an average of 3.4 million viewers (according to Nielsen), it was the most-watched pro-boxing telecast since *Oscar De La Hoya's Fight Night* on Fox averaged 5.9 million viewers 17 years ago, on March 23, 1998. Over the next four months, 12 more PBC shows aired—and the series had yet to launch on Fox Sports or Bounce.

The haters came out in droves. Some targeted Haymon professionally: Al is undermining the industry by paying for airtime. He has historically put on shitty fights and is continuing to do so. He's not taking time or resources to build up young fighters. He's cannibalizing the sport. He's staging too many fights. The ratings suck. “He's turning this into a sports property?” says Duva. “I think the end game is simply to bilk investors.” Other vitriol got personal. Why doesn't he ever speak to the media? Why is he so secretive? Why would he leave the music business if he hadn't been up to no good? What's he hiding?

The hating on the professional side is a mixed bag, some crazy, some legit, but for the majority, it's too soon to tell. The most valid gripe? The fights themselves. Throughout 2014, Haymon fighters

appeared in a plethora of duds. But when the news of PBC broke, it made sense: Haymon was saving the quality matchups for his own series. PBC bouts so far? Some fights that looked fantastic on paper (Adrien Broner vs. Shawn Porter, Danny "Swift" Garcia vs. Lamont Peterson) underwhelmed, while others, such as the stunning knockout of champion Marco Huck that aired on Spike TV, have been surprises.

As for the personal attacks, Mayweather's manager doesn't think it's about business. "It's 100 percent about race," says Ellerbe. "There's all this criticism because he's a successful African American. That intimidates people. There's a lot of jealousy. If Al was a white male you wouldn't hear any of this." He has a point. There was once a white CEO, an extraordinarily private man who never spoke to the media and sought to both revolutionize and dominate his industry. But this man was seen as a visionary. His name was Steve Jobs.

This spring the smack talk turned to legalese. In May, De La Hoya and his Golden Boy Promotions filed a \$300 million lawsuit against Haymon and PBC, alleging it violates the Muhammad Ali Boxing Reform Act, which prohibits managers from acting as promoters. In July, Top Rank's Arum jumped in, seeking \$100 million in damages and citing both the Ali Act and the Sherman Antitrust Act. Perhaps their allegations have merit. Or maybe they just want to rattle Haymon's investors and force him to reveal himself in a deposition. The irony is unavoidable: The promoters' lawsuits are based on the Ali Act, legislation meant to protect fighters, but not a single fighter is suing Haymon.

Al Haymon is here, right now, on this August Saturday night at Barclays Center in Brooklyn. Tonight is ESPN's second PBC card, featuring the unblemished Garcia (30-0, 17 KOs) taking on local scrapper and Showtime color analyst Paulie "Magic Man" Malignaggi (33-6, 7 KOs). Haymon is hanging around the locker rooms in his standard dark suit, dark tie and white shirt, with his standard old-school flip phone, watching the fights on a closed-circuit TV. So I am told. I haven't yet seen Haymon myself. No one is eager to let me near him.

I've never been to the Nets' home arena before, but much feels familiar tonight. Same Wall of Thunder. Same high-tech lighting, same thumping sound system. As always, there are no ring card girls, no mention of sanctioning bodies and their belts, no entourages trailing a fighter into the ring. For boxing diehards watching on TV or sitting among the 7,200 spectators, there is no question this is a PBC show. And that is an essential part of Haymon's grand experiment: quality, consistency, reliability.

And an experiment it is. The PBC might not work. "It fails if the damage to boxing is already too deep," says Ferrer. If the bad decisions and mismatches and squandered fights and watered-down weight classes and never-heard-of titles have finally left a

permanent bad taste in people's mouths, then the sweet science may never again catch on. Period. Haymon will have nothing to be ashamed of. "You can't be afraid to fail," says Ellerbe. "If you never try, it can't happen."

But it might succeed. To pull it off, for PBC to not just survive but thrive, requires more than a high-def video board and Marv Albert calling the action. "Boxing is all about stars," says NBC Sports president Jon Miller. PBC has its share of potential household names—Thurman, Porter, Garcia—but none bigger than heavyweight Deontay Wilder (34-0, 33 KOs). The big men still attract the boldest numbers, and the six-foot-seven 2008 Olympic bronze medalist has the best odds to fill the void left by the soon-retiring Money Mayweather. "Deontay is as dynamic a personality as I've seen in a long time," says Miller.

PBC will also need a little luck. A few good matchups must turn into mind-blowing sagas, fights so electrifying they seep into mainstream headlines: trilogies like those of Arturo Gatti and Micky Ward, Erik Morales and Marco Antonio Barrera, or the still talked-about 2005 epic between Diego Corrales and José Luis Castillo. PBC may have found its gold in Léo Santa Cruz and Abner Mares, who delivered a 12-round brawl and brought in an average of 1.2 million viewers, the largest boxing audience ESPN has pulled since 1998.

Lastly, Haymon must make competitive fights. Fights that fans want to see. Dangerous fights. This may be, in the long run, the PBC founder's toughest task. Since starting out, Haymon has sought to do best by his boxers. Pay them. Protect them. Sometimes overprotect them. But the great—and sometimes tragic—paradox of boxing is that what's best for the athlete is often not best for the sport.

The sport does not suffer tonight at Barclays Center. Both undercard fighters score first-round knockdowns, but a leg injury ends the potential barn burner in the second. In the main event, Malignaggi, who has always compensated with heart for what he lacks in punching power, takes it to Garcia for the first five rounds. But the 34-year-old has been hinting at retirement, and in the seventh and eighth rounds that looks more and more like a good idea. The fight is stopped in the ninth.

As Garcia's arm is raised, I rush down to a hallway entrance. This is the main artery into and out of the dressing rooms and where I will catch, I hope, my first in-person glimpse of Al Haymon. I wait. Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. People stream past, none of them my subject. Finally I get word that Haymon has left the premises. That doesn't surprise me. Before I make for the exit, I notice Malignaggi, face swollen but smiling, heading toward the locker rooms. He stops momentarily when he sees Ron Rizzo, a vice president at DiBella Entertainment and a longtime boxing acquaintance. The two men hug. "The ride's over, Riz," says Malignaggi.

Perhaps his ride. But for boxing, the real ride is just beginning.

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DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Continued from page 70

RADCLIFFE: No. That's a wonderful record of us flirting for the first time. There's no acting going on—not from my end, anyway. There's a moment when she makes me laugh, and I'm laughing as me and not as my character. She was incredibly funny and smart. I knew I was in trouble.

Q10

PLAYBOY: How did her father end up telling the press that you weren't engaged to his daughter?

RADCLIFFE: When I visited her home last Christmas, there was a media storm in Michigan. We were sitting in her dad's living room, and the phone rang. Her dad said, "Um, it's the *Detroit Free Press*." They were calling about a rumor that we had gone there to get married on the shores of Lake Michigan. What was great was they got his number because he's a subscriber. [laughs] I suddenly had that moment of, Oh, my weird life is now impacting your life. I felt really bad. Wonderfully, they found it funny. I have to say, I don't normally read articles about me, but I read all of them because they were so nice. "He ate at a Bob Evans! He bought a T-shirt in downtown Flint!" These journalists in Michigan were so happy that I had a nice time there. Normally I deal with the British tabloids, so this was the sweetest media thing that ever happened to me.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Gary Oldman did a *Playboy Interview* last year in which he said, "Daniel Radcliffe, now he's got fuck-you money." Have you experienced resentment on sets about your success?

RADCLIFFE: Gary introduced me to that expression. When I did my first non-*Potter* film, *December Boys*, I became good friends with one of the makeup and hair teams. After a few weeks, I said, "So, honestly, what did you expect when you were going to get me?" And they said, "We thought you were going to be a dick." Because that's the notion people have in their heads of child stars. People expect me to be an absolute asshole. And when I'm not, that always plays in my favor.

Q12

PLAYBOY: People expect child stars to be dicks because so many of them are. What has been different about your experience?

RADCLIFFE: The most underrated way I and all the producers on *Potter* got lucky was that I fucking loved the work. I've seen kids on

set who are bored, and I'm like, "What are you doing? This is the best place on Earth." I loved it from the word go. I loved being on set. I loved the hours. I loved the people. I loved the crazy, weird shit I got to do every day. Acting was the focus for me, and I wasn't going to do anything to jeopardize being an actor.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You've focused mainly on low-budget independent films since playing Potter. Will people ever not think of you as Harry?

RADCLIFFE: One of the positive by-products of celebrity culture for actors like me who've been stuck with one character for a long time is the opportunity for people to get to know me. I don't think Mark Hamill, for example, had the same opportunities for people to get to know him. When I went on *Jimmy Fallon* and rapped a Blackalicious song, I got a job off that—playing Sam Houser in *Game Changer*, the movie about *Grand Theft Auto*. It made the guy in charge go, "Oh, he's interested in hip-hop. He's not just a typical posh white boy."

Q14

PLAYBOY: What was the last thing you googled?

RADCLIFFE: This is slightly embarrassing, because I referenced it earlier in our conversation, and it looked like a piece of information I knew: the minimum height for a marine. I was reading a script where I would be playing somebody who says he's a marine, so I was like, Oh, I'll look that up. Most of my googling and interneting is spent on NFL.com, Deadspin and other sports websites. I foisted it on my girlfriend, and now when I'm away it helps her not miss me if she looks at Deadspin.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You spent all your teenage years making the *Harry Potter* movies. For most teenage boys, their lives revolve around finding a chance to masturbate. Is there time for that on a movie set?

RADCLIFFE: Yeah, I was like every other teenager in that sense. My favorite line about masturbation is Louis C.K.'s, something like "I found out about it when I was 11, and I didn't skip a day." I think I started very early—before my teens. But not when I was on set. I wasn't going. When is Alan Rickman going to nail this scene so I can run back to my trailer? There's another feeling, again perfectly described by Louis C.K.: that fear just after you've jerked off that everyone knows what you did. It would have been embarrassing to walk back on set and look the dignitaries of British acting royalty in the eye, knowing what I'd been doing.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You're an atheist, but you also identify as a Jew. What was the last Jewish thing you did?

RADCLIFFE: The last Jewish thing I did was visit my grandmother. [laughs] Does that count? My mum's Jewish; my dad is Protestant. We were terrible Jews. I grew up with Christmas trees. We eat bacon. My grandmother is kosher, but she's polite before she's kosher. If

she goes to someone else's house and they cook bacon, she'll be like, "I don't want to make a fuss." Maybe she's not polite—maybe she secretly really wants bacon.

Q17

PLAYBOY: When you were doing *Equus* on Broadway, you were naked for much of the play. Did you do any fluffing?

RADCLIFFE: Dude, there was no opportunity for fluffing. I was onstage for the entire show, and I ran around naked for 10 minutes in a scene that's about sexual failure and horse blinding. But I've heard stories about actors putting an elastic band around their dick. If you wank and then put elastic around the base of it, it keeps the blood in there, and then you whip it off and go onstage. I would have had to do it an hour and a half in advance. I'm pretty sure I would have castrated myself. I was shit-scared and 17 when I did *Equus*, which is the age when you're most self-conscious. And I was very aware that a certain percentage of that audience was coming to look at my dick every night. Looking back, that was mental. I have a lot of respect for myself for having the balls to do it, so to speak.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You're an only child, and you've said you want to have lots of kids. Was your childhood lonely?

RADCLIFFE: Not at all. You mature so much quicker—I became amazingly good at entertaining myself. For selfish reasons, I like the idea of lots of kids. I want a sort of *Ocean's Eleven* of children.

Q19

PLAYBOY: They're going to rob a casino?

RADCLIFFE: And the Asian one's going to be flexible and a great gymnast. [laughs] It would be great if I could raise enough kids to do that. You can probably do that with fewer than 11 if you start their training early enough.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You're 26, which means you've been famous for more than half your life. Do strangers feel they've known you since childhood?

RADCLIFFE: Getting recognized on the street teaches you that most people are polite and nice and just want a quick picture. Then you get an occasional asshole. Normally they're drunk. The assholes want a picture as well, but they want to be an asshole as they take the picture with you. They'll start off, "Just so you know, I never really liked the *Harry Potter* movies." Thanks, dickhead; that's 10 fucking years of my life. One time, a girl came up to me and said, "Could I have a picture?" I said, "Yeah, sure, if you want to." And she goes, "Well, I wouldn't have asked if I didn't want to." What the fuck? [laughs] And of course, me being me, I'm just like, "Sorry, that's silly of me." Then she walks off and Erin says to me, "That girl was a dick to you. You don't have to be nice if someone's rude." But I'm better at saying no than [Potter co-star] Rupert Grint. He ended up going back to a fan's house because he couldn't say no to anything they asked. That's when it's gone too far.



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"At this point I'd like to suggest the entry of a nontraditional alien native."



CHRISTOPH WALTZ

Continued from page 48

WALTZ: The U.S. was better than my idea of it. I'd quit school prematurely—or overduely—and felt I needed more training to widen my scope a bit. So I came here and trained with Lee Strasberg, who was great, and also with Stella Adler, which was the one crucial, eye-opening, pivotal experience in all my training. With Stella a world opened up for me. Even then in New York, though, I had the feeling I was witnessing the beginning of the end of an era, of a culture, of a city. When you go to New York today, there's almost nothing of that world left.

PLAYBOY: Did you visit Los Angeles back then?

WALTZ: Once, briefly. I wanted to see the movie capital of the world. On the flight over I was running a high fever and was sick as a dog, but I refused to lie in some hotel room bed. I drifted along to Disneyland. If I hadn't been sick before I went, I would have been after that. Seeing the merchandising side of entertainment taken to such an extreme impressed me. My sensitive European nerves couldn't take it.

PLAYBOY: What would have happened to your sensitive European nerves if your big successes had started in your 20s or 30s instead of in your 50s?

WALTZ: I'd like to believe it would not have affected me too negatively, but how could it not? I would like to believe it would've given me great opportunities early on and facilitated development that is only possible in your 20s and 30s, but it is what it is. In a way I'm quite grateful to experience this at my age because I have a critical distance. That helps me maintain my sanity, because what has happened is all quite insane and hard to believe. It is something that needs to be dealt with maturely and responsibly and with circumspection. To consume success like an alcoholic drink is

pleasurable for the duration of the party, but the next morning the hangover most likely leaves you inoperable for the rest of the day. Fame and success can leave you dealing with a hangover where maturity is required. If you don't have that, then you have a problem.

PLAYBOY: Have you experienced your fame as an aphrodisiac to strangers or even to old friends?

WALTZ: I'm impermeable to stuff like that, which doesn't mean I don't notice it. I still have the initiative in a way, so I deal with it by taking a step back. There's another reaction, though, which is a very German thing, where people take the attitude "Well, I'm not going to be one of those people sucking up to him." All of a sudden, you'll be confronted or challenged. I am confrontational only

was empty, and I noticed that on the other side of Keaton's star was Peter Lorre's. I jokingly said, "Oh, that one between Keaton and Lorre, *that's* got to be my star." I don't really walk down Hollywood Boulevard every day, you know, but the next time I came across it, the star was taken. That was *my* star.

PLAYBOY: At least the star you eventually got is in front of Hollywood's oldest restaurant.

WALTZ: Musso & Frank Grill is my favorite restaurant in L.A., so I'm quite happy with that. Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks would race there on their horses from opposite directions, and whoever lost the race picked up the tab. Chaplin and Fairbanks sat at the only window table because they needed to keep an eye on their horses outside. You feel that history there.

PLAYBOY: In the grand tradition of Hollywood restaurants naming sandwiches and entrées after film stars, what should the Christoph Waltz Special be?

WALTZ: Chopped liver—maybe with onions on the side to bring tears to your eyes.

PLAYBOY: Your upcoming *Tarzan* movie has up-and-comers Alexander Skarsgård and Margot Robbie. You're also in a period romance, *Tulip Fever*, that co-stars Dane DeHaan and Alicia Vikander. Did any of the younger actors with whom you've been working lately particularly impress you?

WALTZ: In *SPECTRE*, Andrew Scott.

PLAYBOY: He's best known in the U.S. for playing Moriarty to Benedict Cumberbatch's Sherlock Holmes on the BBC's *Sherlock*.

WALTZ: Unfortunately I have no real scenes with him, but even at the read-

through of the script, I picked up something from him and thought, Wow. *Tarzan* was an interesting experience. They do so much in visual effects that I always had the feeling I was doing only half my job.

PLAYBOY: Adding it up, how do you like being Christoph Waltz these days?

WALTZ: I have my crises. That's all a part of it. I enjoy real work. I don't like horsing around. I'm happiest when the work is tough and hard at times. I'm fighting myself through it, trying to grapple with all of it. But I hate nothing more than feeling I could have phoned that one in, whether it's a movie or life.

✓Yes

✓Yes

xNo

✓Yes

✓Yes

✓Yes

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when it seems appropriate. I resent when old friends shift the tone and topic of conversation to their own career success in terms of competition. I'm not quite prepared to completely break off the contact or the friendship, but I am prepared to sort of let it lie.

PLAYBOY: You now have a star on Hollywood Boulevard. L.A. and Hollywood being all about the status of zip codes and locations, do you get to choose the other stars around you?

WALTZ: Years ago I walked along that stretch of Hollywood Boulevard and apologized out loud because I'd stepped on Buster Keaton's star. I'm a big admirer of Keaton's, apart from the fact that we share the same birthday. I saw that the star next to Buster Keaton's





SOUTH OF BRADLEY

Continued from page 92

then, they'd write her up. Roy showed her the gun, said her boss would understand. She said her boss was a dick, sat down in a high-backed chair next to the television that got two channels whenever the clouds were just right.

Mr. Rudd asked again.

"My name's Roy Alison, Mr. Rudd. But I'm here about my grandfather. Moses Tomlin."

"Never knew any Alisons," Rudd said. "Where'd you say you was from?"

"Around," Roy said. "Columbia County. That's where I'm talking about." Roy was standing to Mr. Rudd's right side, was watching the front door across the bed, the nurse past the foot of the bed near the wall.

"Sure. I know Columbia County. Haven't been there in a coon's age. You here with that lawman was here?"

"No, sir," Roy said. "I'm not with anyone."

The nurse leaned forward in her chair. "He says he's here to kill you, you old coot." Then to Roy, "If you're gonna shoot him, do it in the back. Back near the chicken stump. I don't need all that in here I gotta explain."

Roy suggested she shut the fuck up, and she did. "Mr. Rudd, I'm here about my grandfather."

"I done said, never known no Alison. Not as to a last name, anyhow."

"Tomlin," Roy said. "Moses Tomlin. Everybody called him Doc."

Mr. Rudd didn't say anything for a minute. Outside, through the open kitchen window, birds Roy didn't recognize squawked at each other, a flap of wings against body over and over, scramble of claws against ground. "You're Doc's boy?"

"Grandson. I'm Doc Tomlin's grandson."

Mr. Rudd nodded. Took a breath. "All right, kid. Get it over with."

The kitchen wasn't much. Linoleum chipped at nearly every corner, Formica peeling up at the edges. But it was about as clean as it could be. Roy looked across the table to where she'd propped the old man into a chair, like a busted piece of farm equipment you didn't get rid of, might need some day. Untouched cup of coffee in front of him.

She'd said she wanted to hear. Said to tell the story. Said she'd scraped out caked turd from his folds every couple days for years, and if there was something to tell, by God, she wanted to hear it.

Mr. Rudd asked Roy if he wanted to hear it, hear what happened to Doc.

Roy said his grandfather was gone. What does it matter?

"Right," the old man said. "What if it does? What if it matters? What if what happened that week——"

The old man stopped. Held up his hand to look at it. Thinned bones wrapped in the wrong size package, something that will open soon enough, peeling away underground after everyone has gone. Cemetery fertilizer. Feed the trees.

"That car wreck," he said. "That was you? Killed your folks?"

Roy said yeah, he'd been driving.

The old man said "Shit," like a long, slight blade. Said he remembered now. "What was the family name? Did you tell me the family name?"

Roy said it was Tomlin. His mother's father. Moses Tomlin. Doc.

"That's right," Rudd said. "That's right. That's the family." Like an old math test Roy was having trouble with. "Doc Tomlin." The old man tilted his head, tightened his eyes for a better look. "If you say so, kid. Can't say as I see it just yet. So get it done. What are you waiting for? I got people I gotta haunt when I'm dead."

"What?"

"You said you came to here to shoot me? If you really wanted to shoot me, you'd have done it by now. You sure you know what you want?"

Roy raised the gun, his hand steady as loss. "Maybe I want to know why."

"You want to know why? I thought you wanted to shoot me. Jesus, you sure got a life wrapped up in wants, don't ya?"

"Tell me what happened that night. Bradley. 1955. Tell me why you killed my grandfather, left my grandmother a widow, my mama fatherless. Tell me why you did that. Then I'll shoot you." Roy turned to the nurse, said he was sorry, but this is what he'd come to do.

"Don't have to apologize," she said. "Ain't nothing to me."

The old man shifted forward in the chair, elbows and shoulders all angles and points. "You know for a fact I'm the one what shot Doc?"

Roy said he was sure.

"Okay. Guess there's no point arguing that. You asking me why I shot him or why he had to be shot?"

"Stop stalling, old man. Just tell me."

The old man nodded, reached for the coffee, pushed it farther away. "Doc Tomlin was my best friend. Brother, really. We were——"

He stopped. Looked off somewhere past Roy. "You want to know? Let me ask you this. You ever talk to your grandmother about this?"

Roy bolted up, chair a crash behind him, his body a shattering of thunder and lightning into the old man's face. "You say one thing about my grandmother, old man, and I swear to God I won't shoot you. I'll kill you. You will beg me to kill you. But I won't shoot you. You say one more thing about my grandmother." Roy stood up, palmed down the front of his shirt to

straighten it. Set right his chair, growled a little scream like a cough and sat down. "Now, where were we?"

The old man stood, took a deep pull from his coffee, walked to the stove, foil cradling the specked burners, leaned against it, rotted wood after the storm, propped against what remains, suspended by stubbornness. "Go on, now," he said to the woman. "Get if you're gettin'."

She said what if you get shot.

He said the boy woulda done shot him if he had a mind to. Looked at Roy, who didn't move.

She held the card across for the man, said she was on the clock until nine.

He reached for the card, sliding his hip along the counter to move, wrote seven for her Out Time.

She said it was nine, said c'mon, couldn't you put nine there?

"Clock says seven. You're leaving. It's seven. Ain't no point making things up anymore. Ain't a damn person left to impress."

"You couldn't write down nine?" she asked again. "That would have been just too much to ask? Two hours. A little help. We're nearly family, Mr. Rudd."

He said so what. Family.

She said family means, it means you never have to ask for help. That's family, she said. All together. Never have to ask.

"Who told you that?"

"My daddy."

"Your daddy's a damn fool," Rudd said. "Family don't mean never asking for help. Family means never asking."

The two of them across from the table, Roy asked the old man if the nurse was going for the cops.

"Can't tell with her, but I ain't counting on it. You want to leave, that's up to you. Can always come back later. I'm heading up to Little Rock tomorrow, have them trade out my blood for some good blood. You can call my social secretary, have her set something up."

"Mr. Rudd, I came here to kill you. I don't figure either of us wants to spend too much time on this, so just tell what you were going to tell me. Then I'll shoot you and you can go on and get to haunting people." Roy set the pistol on the table in front of him, barrel aimed to Mr. Rudd's left ear. "Go ahead. Take your time."

Rudd nodded, crossed his hands in his lap. "It's a dangerous thing to be loved by a king," he said. "Old saying. Ever heard that one?"

"Can't say I have."

"Well, I got to tell you this part, and I can't have you flying off ready to storm the beaches."

"Just tell it."

"Your grandfather and I, well, we weren't kings, but it weren't for lack of trying."

"You're not talking about small-engine repair? My grandpa's shop?"

"That's right. That's right. He had that shop for a while. Lamartine or Waldo or some fool place." Rudd leaned forward a



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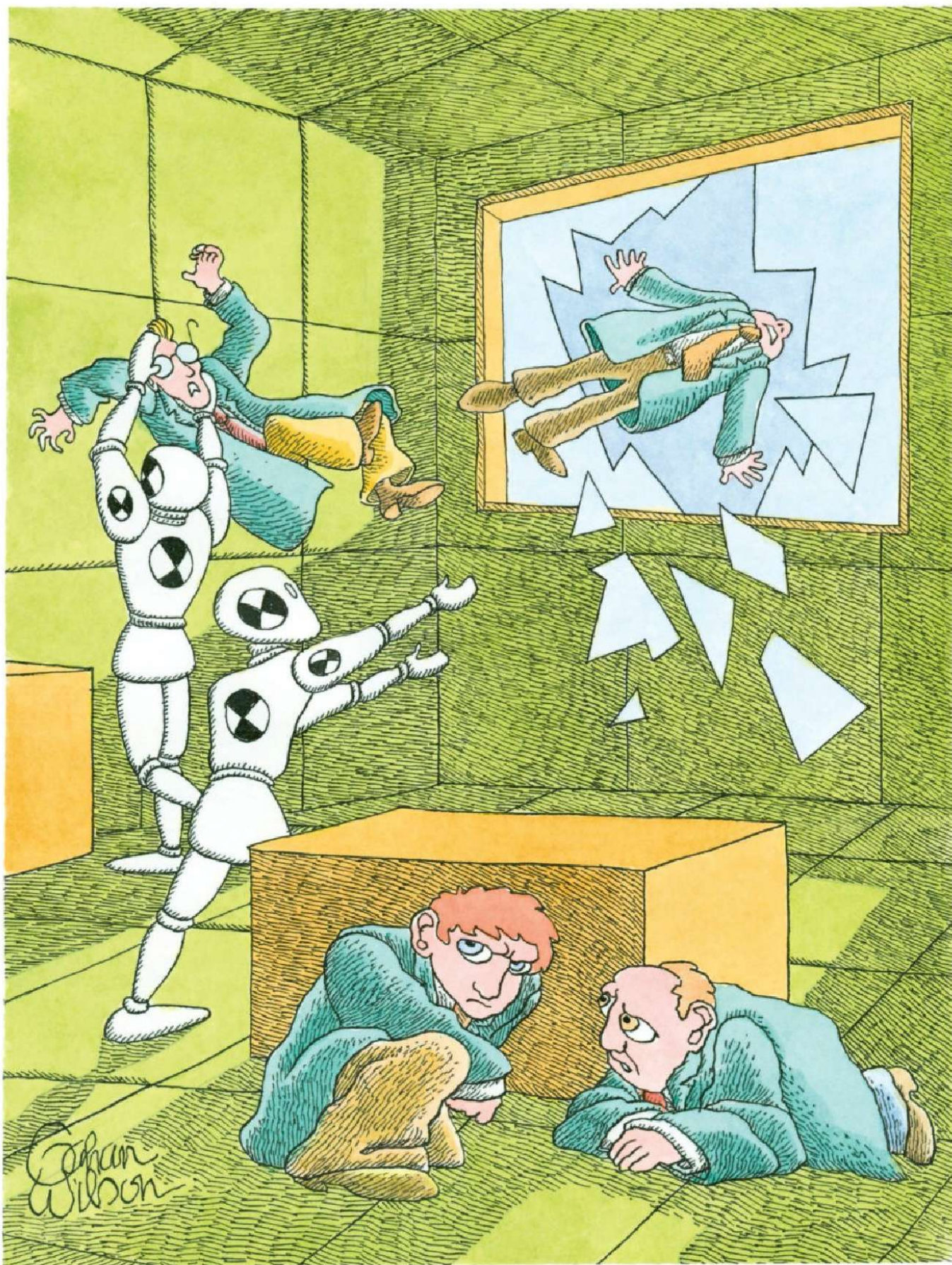


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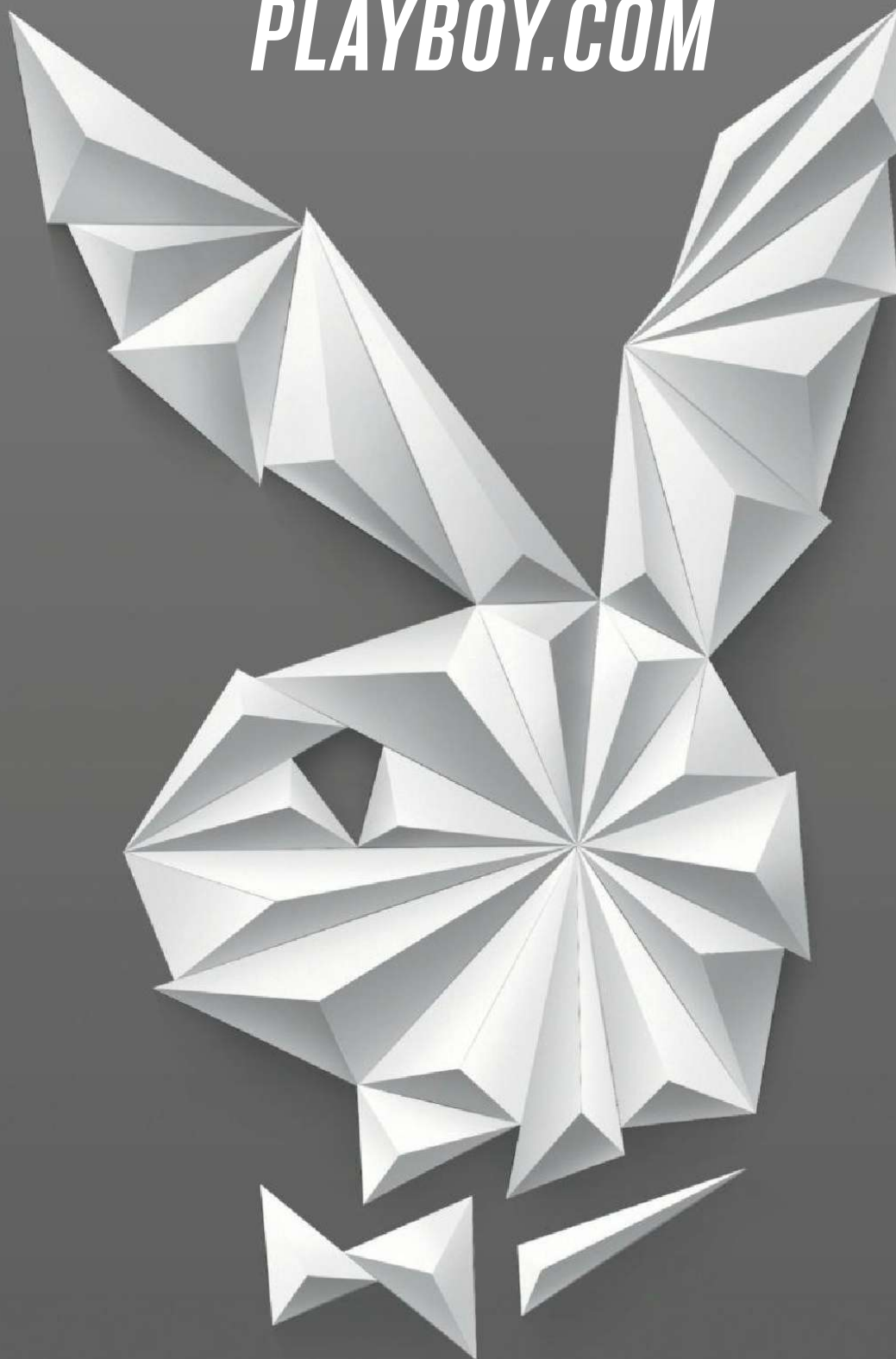


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little, pulled his chair closer to the table. "Ever hear of a guy called Karpis? Alvin?"

Roy said that sounded familiar, but he couldn't quite place it. Get on with it, he said.

"Karpis. Part of this Ma Barker gang or however the cops called it. Kidnapped a couple people back in the 1930s. A banker named Brewer and a brewer, a beer man, named something. Wasn't Banker, but I can't remember what it was. Hamilton, maybe, though that don't sound just right."

"If you're about to tell me Ma Barker killed my grandpa, I'm going to be a little upset with you, Mr. Rudd."

"Just hold on. I'm coming to the part you care about, the part about your people. You need to understand the who and the what to get to the why. See, the man who was pretty much running most of the county and some of Lafayette and Union too, that was a fellow by the name of Pribble. Jefferson Davis Pribble. Named after that Southern president and even more of an asshole. Well, JD gets it in his head, because he knew some people who knew some people with that Karpis crew, he gets it into his head to kidnap the daughter of the governor of Arkansas. Starts some fool scheme. Well, nothing ever came of that, you see? May well be JD finds out the governor didn't have a daughter of the kidnapping age. I don't know."

Roy shuffled, started to say something.

"Just wait. I'm getting there. Man tells a story that's 50 years old he ain't told in 50 years, you got to give the man a little space." Rudd angled out his elbows, pulled them back in like chicken wings refusing to snap. "Your granddaddy, my best mate, Doc Tomlin, now, you may not know this, but your grandfather had a head for plans. For being five moves ahead, seeing the outside of a thing. Not just playing the angles, you see? He knew the angles of the angles. Once saw him take 10 large from a timber company that took six months to know it was gone. Smartest man I ever knew, then or since. Had this idea, running an office for a job service place we had in mind. Over to Magnolia. Settling down. Getting out of all this."

He waved his hand against nothing much. "See, there was a while there, we was both down in this hole, trying to find our way back up. Figure your granddaddy had the sense to settle down, the family, Lucy, the baby. Figured they'd be fine. We'd all be fine. But Doc was the worst damn card player I ever saw. Always looking to hit that inside straight. Like he had it all down. He gets on the wrong side of JD Pribble, who still has it in his mind to kidnap somebody. Plans to take this Nusbaum boy. Father a doctor from Chicago. Mother old money. Had a big place up north of Magnolia. Pribble wants Doc, your granddaddy, to work off what he owed by planning this, running point. Doc and him got in this big row about it, dragged on for days. I said it was a bad idea. This was, back summer of 1955. See, Doc and Lucy just had a baby not too far back. Belle of the ball, your grandmother. Wonderful mother. Never lost whatever it was most of them women lost moving from wife to mother. Never picked up all the other. Just the kind of woman a man like Doc Tomlin wants to do right by, you understand. While

before, wouldn't have mattered. Running hog crazy all over the county. But now. Well, the family. You understand."

Roy said yeah. He remembered something about family.

"Well, there you go. No way around it. Doc figures he can't do it. Have to find some other way to get this money paid back. Then come one morning, Doc's having lunch at the Chatterbox up in Magnolia, when JD walks in, drops this package on the table and walks out. Wrapped up all in this brown paper. So Doc goes to open it right there. Silver hairbrush off Lucy's dresser, still dangling strands of hair."

Roy breathed, "Jesus."

"Wasn't no Jesus, son. Plenty of devil."

The old man slid his fingers around the coffee cup, looked into the bottom, grounds washing around like rotten tea leaves, slurped down the dregs, wiped his chin.

Roy asked what next.

"Your grandpa hightails it back to the house. Lucy, your grandmother, there. She's fine, of course. Always would be. Woman, man. Always was." He stopped. Looked at Roy. "Is? Always is?"

Roy got it after a second, what the old man was getting at, said yeah, is. Still is.

Rudd nodded. "Doesn't matter anymore. Maybe it never did. But that's one person can always take care of herself well as anybody, I figure. Still, these Pribbles. Ain't no telling back then what they was capable of. Back then, anyhow. Doc tries to send her off somewhere for a while, until he can settle things up with Pribble. But she wouldn't listen to him. And he wouldn't listen to her. Said they could figure the thing out together. Lucy always said how it wasn't that big a problem if money could fix it. Always knew what to say."

Roy saw something in the old man's eye, but didn't know what it was.

"Couple days later, Doc's still of a mind to do the Pribble job. Lucy had been trying to talk him out of it. I'd been trying. Told him this wasn't what we'd agreed to, this wasn't the plan. Our retirement plan. One night, that night, he's coming back from meeting with a few of them up in Bradley. Couple Pribbles. Hutcheson boy. Another one or two, I guess. So he's coming back and he picks me up to bring me back, 'cause I'd been staying around there to talk to some people about the lake, the one for the paper mill, and I figure I got one last chance to talk him out of this. One last shot. Turns out I was right about that."

Rudd reached for his coffee cup, spun it around a little until it lay on its side, empty.

"I told him he had to keep Lucy safe. His family. Told him I could help him figure this out. But that was always his thing, the figuring out. Bank jobs. Payrolls. The looking at how all the pieces fit together. And that's when he told me of this big plan he was hatching, how it would end the Pribbles. I told him he couldn't do it. Said he couldn't do that to Lucy. Said what did she think. We'd pulled off somewhere and maybe one car went by this whole time we were talking. He said he didn't tell her, said it wasn't her business. I said this wasn't the life Lucy deserved. The baby. Then I saw it."

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—DAVE COVERLY—

"No, no, please go on—I can listen and suck at the same time."

Roy leaned forward, asked what the old man had seen.

"In his eyes. He says JD was right, that this was the only way, our future. I told him just step away from this one, leave it be. He tells me I shouldn't worry so much, give my pretty face those frown lines. He said this was just a tiny thing, one job. I said that's how it happens. Before long you're back to burning houses and putting another judge in the ground."

The old man looked off at the wall behind Roy, moved his sight along whatever was back there. Roy asked what his grandpa said then.

"Said I was sounding like Lucy. He looks at me then, whatever fool look I have on my face, sees right through me like he'd just figured out how to take down the bank from the inside. 'Christ Almighty, you're sweet on her,' he tells me. Says is this what it's all about. Starts laughing. Tells me to get on. Says just get on. I told him it didn't matter what I thought, what I felt. Said he'd better do right by her. Told him he'd better hold on to what he's got before it gets taken away from him. He just kept laughing at me, said you ain't never got what you thought you was gonna have, that's for sure."

Roy asked what he'd meant by that.

"No idea. I've thought about that these, these however many years. Fifty? Sixty? I've thought about a lot of things. How I could have just let him be, go off get himself killed. That would have opened things up for, well, can't say it matters now."

"So what happened then?"

"I said he had to keep her out of this trouble and he said she was a grown damn woman and could take care of herself and just kept on laughing. I reached back for this gun I had, this little peashooter about the size of that one you got there, and he said now come on and I said tell me you ain't doing it and he comes a step to me and he wouldn't shut his mouth. Just kept on teasing me. Said was I gonna save all the women or just the ones that wouldn't have me. So I shot him and there he was shot and I'd done it. I shot him. I did that."

Roy knew Rudd had stopped telling him the story a while back. Now he was just telling it.

"We'd done these things for years and then we come outta that hole together and we coulda kept on but there I'd shot him. Because he had it all planned out. All them pieces fitting together. Because that's what he'd done. And I wasn't worried about him or me or any of it. Just the one piece I didn't have a fool right to worry about, that could handle herself just fine. And he had all the pieces figured."

Rudd reached behind himself to a hutch drawer, slid it open. Roy tensed for the gun that never came. Rudd pulled out what looked like a little stick of gum, slid it onto the table. "And what's left of any of that. I panicked. Never looked back. Took things—make it look like a robbery, I guess. Held on to this. All that's left."

Roy met the old man's hand halfway, held the tie pin, the blue circle in the middle, the dot of light centered. Roy took the gun off

the table, clicked open the cylinder, shook the three bullets loose.

"You should know, your grandfather," the old man said. "People talk. Say what they want. You get turned into something. You should know. He wasn't...." The old man trailed off, scratched his shoulder as he talked. "Looks like you got something like him, you know. They say stuff skips a generation. I guess it's the eyes. Something like his. Apples falling from trees and all that."

Roy nodded along.

As the old man sat back down, settled in, Roy reached into his own pocket for the matching cuff links, the same dot of light in the center.

"Your grandma," Rudd said. "She's doing fine?"

Roy didn't hear the back door hinge open, metal against metal, didn't hear the slight give of the floorboards, Rudd saying something about pieces of a life, about the falling apart, the coming together.

"Hands on your head," a voice behind Roy, the open doorway he'd let fall from his attention. He reached for the gun on the table, voice saying, "Hands on your goddamn head," shotgun racking. Playing out in Roy's figuring: spray pattern pops into shoulder, blade picking welts pellets from tissue. Kitchen wall dotted. Or a closer blast. Or maybe not birdshot like last time. Maybe a slug. Maybe more than the one man. The one gun. Roy counted the seconds to his gun on the table, the loose bullets rolling back and forth against nothing but gravity. And reaching under his chair, a spinning throw toward the shotgun. Played it out, the options. Maybe Rudd catches shot in the face, the neck. Roy put his hands on his head, watched Rudd, saw straight through him, through the wall behind him and down into the earth, all the way through. The empty channel all the way to the starless universe on the other side. The hole never filling.

"Lil Pete, you put that down. The hell you doing?"

The voice behind setting the barrel against Roy's shoulder. "Mama said you needed a hand."

Rudd shook his head. "Roy Alison, this here's Lil Pete. Guess his mother did set out to send somebody back." He waved the boy to the side. "Your mama must figure we're still family after all."

"She said tell you family means putting up with some jackasses now and again."

As Pete set the shotgun against the table, moved forward, Roy reached out, for the gun, drove the stock into the man's jaw, his arms back into the floor, falling down onto elbows, wrists. Table falling over, coffee cup breaking apart, cuff links and tie pin sliding away. As Lil Pete hit the boards, reached for a gun at his waist, Roy put a boot against the man's gun hand, driving it into his gut. He put the barrel of the shotgun into the man's shoulder, took a breath, saw himself blast a slug clear through, a gaping hole, through the bottom of the house, into the earth, everything filling with blood.

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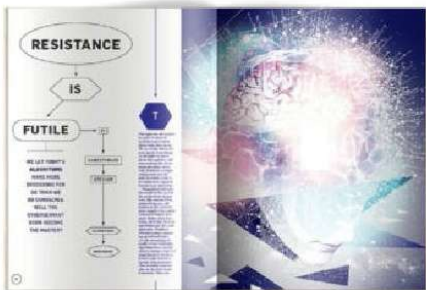
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RESISTANCE IS FUTILE

Continued from page 52

thought it might be possible to automate this, but at that time the computer power just wasn't available," Ekman explains to me.

In 1985, while attending a conference on his FACS system in Wales, Ekman met a scientist who had developed one of the world's first parallel-processing computers. One of the computer's first applications involved algorithms that recognized human faces at a distance of 50 yards. But when people presented any kind of nonneutral mien, it created enough "noise" that the algorithms no longer recognized them. The noise of people's emotional expressions consistently foiled the facial-recognition software.

"But that noise," Ekman says, "was my focus."

Ekman visited the computer lab in London and experimented with the machine's power for a week, during which time he was able to program it to recognize several basic facial expressions. Following this experience, Ekman wrote a grant proposal for the National Institute of Mental Health to pursue the work further. But the NIMH told him, succinctly, "We don't think computers can do what you think they can," remembers Ekman.

Soon after that, Ekman met Terry Sejnowski, who had a Ph.D. in physics from Princeton and was a researcher and professor at the University of California, San Diego. Sejnowski helped Ekman get his study funded, and the two began to work on automating the task of reading human faces for everything they betray. Joining their project was doctoral student Marian Bartlett, who in the 1990s began to apply machine-learning algorithms to the problem.

Machine-learning algorithms can be powerful tools when unraveling large, complicated riddles for which composing enough linear programming—clear, prescriptive algorithms—would be impossible. Given a set of desired outcomes, a machine-learning algorithm will work to find the most efficient ways to reach similar outcomes with new problems. The more data such algorithms consume, the smarter they become. This is why they're effective in teasing out nonintuitive relationships within large sets of data.

Bartlett's use of machine-learning algorithms proved successful. Her colleagues' and her work eventually formed the foundation of Emotient, which took its face-reading product to market in 2013, after advances in digital cameras and off-the-shelf processing power made the technology applicable to a wide audience.

At this point the software has become far better than any human at reading faces. "If you ask people to make subjective judgments on what a face is telling them, they're often wrong. People don't know what to look for," says Bartlett, co-founder and lead scientist at Emotient. "But when you measure objectively, there is a huge amount of information."

The first clients for Emotient's algorithms came from Madison Avenue, as advertisers wanted to pair the face-reading technology with their normal practice of using focus groups to determine what kinds of new products should be released.

Procter & Gamble, for one, used Emotient's algorithms to gauge consumer reaction to new detergent scents. P&G asked the people in its focus group to sample the fragrances and then, as is standard, had them fill out a survey of their thoughts about all the product variations. At the end of the event, the participants were allowed to take home any detergent of their choice. As it turned out, the fragrance people reported as their favorite in the survey was usually not the one they chose to take home.

Emotient's algorithms, however, predicted which scent a person would take home with a high degree of accuracy. P&G recorded the focus group members taking their first smell of each fragrance. Initial reactions, gut reactions, were betrayed by slight changes in their facial expressions, usually lasting far less than a second, when they got the first whiff of a scent. That gut reaction, driven by the brain's amygdala, is what dictates most decisions. The amygdala is separate from the part of the brain that drives logic and speech, which are what produce the results in participant surveys.

The idea that focus-group surveys are nearly worthless sent a shudder through the advertising industry, and delivered a regular stream of well-paying clients to Emotient ever since. Emotient's technology has advanced to the point that it can gauge and measure every face in a frame of video. A high-resolution video clip of the NBA finals, for instance, can be evaluated by Emotient's algorithms to determine the general disposition of the crowd during that moment of the game. It could be 100 faces or 500 faces. The algorithms see and read them all.

The technology Emotient employs has become so efficient, so fast, the company now offers access to its algorithms to anybody via the web. Users upload their videos to Emotient's site and pay \$1.99 per minute for analysis.

I felt compelled to test the algorithms on my gaping children as they watched television. It turns out even their rather stoic faces tell a big story. I recorded as they watched the beginning of *The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water* and uploaded the 15-minute video to Emotient's servers for analysis. I didn't have to wait long. In a couple of hours Emotient's system returned a report to me, one impressive in its depth and thoroughness.

Among the data provided to users, Emotient returns a version of the original video augmented with frames that outline people's faces. When a person in the video looks away from the camera, the frame disappears. Next to each frame, the software displays a single word describing the emotions of that person at that precise moment. For

my little video watchers, the software's registered emotion was often "neutral," or the same evaluation most people would make when seeing the empty looks produced by children absorbing on-screen entertainment. But at different points of the movie, cracks of feeling would flit across their faces. The same moment that scared one of my younger kids—duly noted by Emotient—instilled bemusement in the older one. The software then knit all these moments into single story lines for each child. Even a layman could see the inflection points of the movie and how they affected each viewer.

The software isn't perfect, however. It mistook one of my daughters' emotions for "disgust" during a 10-minute period when she put her hand on her chin and left it there. But it works well enough that we should expect algorithms to one day lurk in every store camera, every political rally, every car dealership, even job interviews—anyplace where discerning the inner reactions of people is paramount.

This reality doesn't sit well with Ekman, creator of all the logic behind the algorithms. He remains keenly interested in the science of his system and, as an advisory board member of Emotient, holds equity in the company, but he surprises me by saying, simply, "I'm quite worried."

He explains further: "If you're going to analyze people's expressions and analyze their emotions, I think you should have their consent."

At this point, Emotient says explicit consent isn't necessary because it keeps the data anonymous. Faces in a crowd are just faces in a crowd. But Ekman feels that reading somebody's emotions so mechanically, algorithmically, entails a violation of privacy.

The questions surrounding this use of algorithms insert sci-fi plots into real life. Where do we draw the line? Where does the utility of code stop?

Nicholas Carr, author of *The Glass Cage*, worries that automation's march has rendered us stupider, that algorithms demote humans to lever operators who let computer code do all the real work, whether in the cockpit of a plane or on the machinist bench in a factory. "Automation severs ends from means," he writes. "It makes getting what we want easier, but it distances us from the work of knowing."

When we surrender, as Carr says, the work of knowing, we are capitulating to the power of bots. Carr advocates for humans to spend more time at labor without the artificial proxy of software between them and the job. He points out that studies have shown that airline pilots' skills degrade when they forfeit most of their flying time to autopilot algorithms. While it's true that autopilots are one of the reasons air travel has become incredibly safe, Carr argues that pilots should be flying by hand more often, which would keep their skills honed and help mitigate the human errors that have led to most of the major air disasters of the past two decades.

"We can allow ourselves to be carried along by the technological current, wherever it may be taking us, or we can push against it," writes Carr.

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Such talk evokes thoughts of *Star Trek*'s villainous Borg, a race evolved from a mixture of man and machine whose regular advice to those it conquers, "Resistance is futile," has become a cultural refrain.

Borg aside, the possible takeover of the world by algorithms infused with artificial intelligence has been discussed for decades. Hollywood has long been intrigued by this plot, from Stanley Kubrick's 2001: *A Space Odyssey* to the *Terminator* franchise and, more recently, Johnny Depp's *Transcendence*. Computer scientists, however, have dismissed such tales as hyperbolic and unlikely.

But in the past year, three of the biggest minds in science have separately expressed warnings about software so intelligent it could seize humanity's place as Earth's dominant force. Bill Gates, the most successful software entrepreneur of all time, said, "I am in the camp that is concerned about super intelligence."

Stephen Hawking, the brilliant theoretical physicist, told the BBC, "The primitive forms of artificial intelligence we already have have proved very useful. But I think the development of full artificial intelligence could spell the end of the human race."

Perhaps most foreboding are the thoughts of businessman and inventor Elon Musk, who has repeatedly sounded the alarm with tweets such as "We need to be super careful with AI. Potentially more dangerous than nukes." Musk has consistently done things that others considered impossible: building Tesla Motors into a major force and founding SpaceX, a private company that designs, manufactures and launches rockets into space for a fraction of the money NASA and other space-race incumbents have spent. His declared worry on the subject deserves attention.

Algorithms have already evaluated many of us to a degree comparable to that of a human psychologist's scrutiny. And most of us have no idea it has happened. In my book *Automate This*, I profile how Chicago company Mattersight built a library of 10 million algorithms to categorize human speech. The company's engineers married these algorithms with speech recognition to create a system that determines a speaker's exact personality type and, often, what he or she is thinking. The results can be startlingly accurate. The system correctly tagged me as having what is called a thoughts-driven primary personality and a reactions-driven secondary personality.

Often when we call customer-service lines we get a recorded refrain: "This call may be monitored or recorded for quality-assurance purposes." We assume this has something to do with training or liability. But it often means that millions of algorithms have settled in to listen to us. When the bots know our personalities, they know how to treat us to keep us happy and on-board as profitable customers. By routing our calls to operators with personalities similar to our own, the bots keep customer-service calls mercifully short—and cheap.

What was something of an experiment when I first wrote about it has become a sweeping movement within consumer-facing companies. Mattersight CEO Kelly

Conway recently told me his algorithms have now profiled 20 percent of American adults' personalities.

The Google search algorithm, perhaps the most powerful in the world, decides much of how we go about our lives and becomes increasingly tailored to our tastes the more we use it. It directs where we eat, what businesses we patronize, where we decide to live, travel, go to school, raise a family. Most people's web interactions begin with the Google search box. What it decides to put on the first page—or prepopulate before we even finish typing our thoughts—is pivotal, whether we're searching for good Thai food or the best ski resort for early-season snow. We needn't know a restaurant's name anymore, as Google's algorithm will figure out all the details for us.

Marketers have long known that our online behavior reveals a great deal about who we are. The government knows this too. The National Security Agency, Edward Snowden told us, used algorithms to determine whether or not someone was a U.S. citizen, as only the communications of noncitizens can be monitored without a warrant. But the algorithms didn't access data about birthplace or parents; they made this critical judgment based on a person's browser and web-surfing histories. Faceless computer code was, in effect, the arbiter of U.S. citizenship and the right to privacy it confers.

In fact, the United States is now testing algorithms in lieu of human guards and interrogators. Not only are they cheaper than humans, but they're better at patrolling our borders. Through kiosks installed at border crossings, the algorithms quiz travelers and analyze their answers, examining word choice and looking for vagueness, pauses and other signs of lying. The algorithms also ingest data from high-definition cameras that measure travelers' facial expressions and eye movements. So far, the bot has proved far more effective than humans at finding liars. In a test of the technology at a Polish border crossing, the algorithms were effective 94 percent of the time in sussing out test participants who tried to get past the checkpoint with false answers and papers. Human guards who questioned the same people caught none of them.

The existence of the Transportation Security Administration in its current form was recently called into question when its agents failed 67 out of 70 tests in which workers from the Department of Homeland Security tried to smuggle fake explosives, weapons and other contraband past airport checkpoints. The TSA, already a favored target of commentators on the left and right, has never been less popular. Some, only half in jest, have suggested replacing agents with bomb-sniffing dogs. Ekman, the wizard of facial expressions, thinks the TSA is just looking for the wrong thing.

"We should be seeking out the bomber, not the bombs," he says.

Algorithms could certainly be programmed to look for facial giveaways that indicate a person is hiding something or is on the brink of committing a violent act. They could also be employed at banks to alert guards when somebody wearing the wrong expression comes in the door.

That algorithms could best humans at jobs seemingly essential to maintaining a civil society is unsettling to many. But it's a real trend.

The state of Missouri, searching for ways to maintain consistent sentencing and reduce the \$680 million burden of housing 30,000 inmates in state prisons, in 2005 implemented what's called the Missouri Automated Sentencing Application. Judges, prosecutors, defense attorneys and even magazine reporters can provide all kinds of inputs regarding the defendant, and the algorithm will provide data on sentences given to similar criminals in the past, along with information on the cost to the state of different sentences.

A charge of first-degree assault for a previous offender age 22 to 34 with a high school education and full-time employment produces an average sentence of 9.3 years. The system also reveals that 7.7 percent of offenders in similar cases were sentenced to probation, 11.5 percent to some kind of treatment program and 80.8 percent to prison. The costs are included, from \$9,050 for five years of probation to \$167,510 for 85 percent of time served incarcerated.

The Missouri algorithm used to go even further, actually providing judges with recommended sentences. Although the algorithm's sentences were nonbinding, their existence upset enough people that Missouri legislators imposed restrictions on the system, requiring that the recommended sentences be removed from its output.

"It's a shame, because I think the more knowledge you get to people, the better their decisions will be," says Gary Oxenhandler, a Missouri circuit court judge and the acting chair of the state's sentencing advisory committee. "The system is there to help you make decisions. It's a tool."

Oxenhandler thinks letting algorithms into the courtroom, as long as they're not given final say, benefits the legal process. Anything that lightens his load as a judge, he says, can make him more effective in sentencing the 350 to 600 felons he may be overseeing at any one time.

Scott Greenfield, a prominent New York defense lawyer whose blog has become one of the most-read legal sites on the web, finds the whole concept misguided. "Consistency here is a bit of a fool's errand," he tells me. "You can't take into account the myriad differences between human beings" that should affect their sentencing. Only humans, Greenfield insists, can apply the required nuance.

The cost of prisons has become crippling for many states, including California, which released 2,700 inmates this year as part of a measure to trim spending and overcrowding. Oxenhandler thinks applying algorithms to the issue could help all states better figure out who should stay in prison and who is worth the gamble, given the savings, of being released. The time for algorithms, he stresses, is now. "As the economy gets better, people aren't going to give a damn anymore," he says. "If we miss our window here, they're going to end up building more new prisons."

In a job as important as this—deciding who is free and who is locked up—surely algorithms require some form of supervision. Humans, however, may not be best for that job. Leading computer scientists

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have, more and more often, looked to algorithms to police themselves.

The algorithm the U.S. State Department uses as part of its Diversity Immigrant Visa Program is supposed to pick a group of applicants at random to be awarded visas each year. In 2011, the lottery's algorithm did not work as intended but simply awarded visas to the people who had applied earliest, in order. The visas were eventually revoked and the system was rerun. The episode devastated many people who lost what they believed to be legitimate entry to the United States.

Bad algorithms, bad code, the theory goes, can be prevented from doing damage when patrolled by algorithms designed for the job. It sounds ridiculous, but the concept is a rudimentary one within computer science. Most programmers, when creating web and mobile applications, create a parallel set of tests. The tests are, in effect, algorithms that patrol newly written code for ways in which it might break the application. More complex versions of these are known as accountable algorithms.

Computer scientist Joshua Kroll has been pestering the State Department about its visa lottery algorithm for more than a year. The government hasn't been forthcoming about its methods, forcing Kroll to issue a formal request under the Freedom of Information Act. "They could just be using a big Excel spreadsheet," he says of the State Department. "We don't really know what they're doing."

Kroll would like to fix problems like this

with accountable algorithms that ensure other algorithms do their jobs correctly. He thinks accountable algorithms could help solve thorny problems such as discrimination in job and credit markets, where things such as race and gender may be officially left out of consideration but are often inferred through indirect methods. Fairness is ultimately better determined by code than by humans, Kroll says.

A world with algorithms watching our faces, measuring our words, determining who goes to jail, who gets frisked at the airport—most of that world has already arrived or is coming. Rather than be alarmed, some of the best-informed minds on the subject welcome algorithmic rule.

David Cope is rare in that he's renowned as an artist and a programmer. He has written reams of code in Lisp, a complicated computer language favored by developers in the AI community, while also composing operas and symphonies that have been performed by elite orchestras around the world. A leader in the creation of AI programs that compose original music, Cope has watched classical music aficionados mistake some of his algorithm's compositions for the work of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Whereas the author Nicholas Carr argues for more piloting of planes by humans, Cope thinks the better answer, the obvious answer, is to get rid of humans in the cockpit altogether. Even Cope is surprised at how quickly algorithms have marched toward mastery of society. When I asked him three years ago if he thought

algorithms could ever compose an original novel, his reply was curt: "No." When I asked him again this year, he'd changed his mind. He's currently working on that very thing at his home in Santa Cruz, California.

"It's natural for humans to both fear and find disgusting matters in which a machine can do better than or replace them," says Cope. "We're insecure when it comes to that. When machines can play chess or create something better, it's damned maddening. But I think we're gaining something. We can think on a higher level. We can now have these people who have been displaced doing something more interesting."

More interesting than driving a car, for instance, is designing the software that drives it for us. And as Google, Audi, BMW and several other companies' self-driving autos have shown, machines have already surpassed humans in this capacity. But not everybody is a software engineer. Cope concedes that some people may lose their jobs to algorithms three or four times over their careers. The key, he says, will be retraining oneself at a higher level to use the newest technology.

"It seems to me that on every level whenever we can get a machine to do a job," Cope says, "we should do it."

We simply must hope that by the time algorithms are doing everything that they enjoy having their original creators—the soft, corporeal, needy and primitive versions of wetware called humans—around for company.





BRIAN STAUFFER

THE DARK SIDE OF ETERNAL LIFE

A radically longer life span may soon be a reality. Should you want one?



It's said two things in life are certain, death and taxes, but Dr. Joon Yun isn't sure about the former. Last September, the Silicon Valley physician and hedge fund manager launched the Palo Alto Longevity Prize, putting \$1 million of his own cash on the table for anyone who proves him right. For Yun, the challenge isn't about scratching an itch of curios-

ity with scientists; it's nothing less than an urgent moral mission. "Every week we delay in solving aging, a million people in the queue are waiting to die," Yun tells me. "This is a race against time."

Of course, throughout history, quests to conquer death haven't quite panned out. In 210 B.C. Qin Shi Huang, China's first emperor, sent an alchemist and a crew of 3,000 virgins to retrieve the elixir of life from a 1,000-year-old magician. They never returned; legend has it they settled in Japan instead. Around 1889, Charles-Édouard Brown-Séquard, a Harvard Medical School professor, turned the search for the fountain of

youth into *Fear Factor* when he mixed semen with fluid from crushed dog testicles, which he insisted rejuvenated him. (He's dead now.) And five years ago, Nursultan Nazarbayev, the Kazakhstani president who lifted his own term limits, endeavored to lift the limits on life as well. He asked university scientists to find him a magic potion; thus far, they've produced a liquid yogurt called *nar*, guaranteed only to defy death by indigestion.

The 30 teams competing for the Palo Alto Longevity Prize, however, are embarking on a much saner mission, one they believe technology has finally

made achievable. The prize is broken into two parts. The first (with a June 2016 deadline for half the cash) addresses homeostatic capacity, or our bodies' ability to recover from stress—say, after we've run a 5k or been out drinking all night. The older we get, the harder it becomes to walk that physiological balance beam, and researchers believe it holds a key to vitality. The second

(with a September 2018 deadline for the rest of the prize money) challenges the teams to expand the mammalian life span by half—an extra year and a half for a mouse or 38 years for an American male.

The teams are cheating death, using everything from stem cells to sleep. Each approach essentially aims to "cure" aging. "You can easily imagine growing old as a whole-body phenomenon," says Dr. Shin-ichiro Imai, professor of developmental biology at Washington University in St. Louis. To halt the process, Imai's lab hunted for the body's aging-control center. The researchers think it lies in the hypothalamus—the brain's almond-size headquarters for many metabolic and nervous-system functions—which communicates with skeletal muscle and fat. Imai's insight is that the molecules

"Every week we delay in solving aging, a million people in the queue are waiting to die. This is a race against time."

involved require a compound called NAD—which, it turns out, decreases with age. His solution is simple: Administer this compound, or its building blocks, as a supplement like fish oil. He hopes to have one on shelves in five to 10 years. "This is happening right now," he says. "It isn't science fiction anymore."

Scott Wolf, a medical doctor turned medical inventor, also wants to distance his work from fogged-out dorm fantasies. "I'm not focused on having people live to 300 or 400 and download their brains to computers," he says. "There are things we can do now if we get moving." His bull's-eye is fat, which he believes triggers diseases of aging through its

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SILVERSTEIN

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buildup around the intestines, stomach and heart. “We can do something to visceral fat and change the way we live and how long we live,” Wolf says. “But turning that into an actual therapeutic is challenging.”

Though the researchers downplay talk of radical life extension, that’s clearly where they’re headed. As Yun puts it, if aging can be stopped, then it’s simply a matter of math. At the age of 25 our chances of dying within a year are one in 1,000. “If you can

It’s the tragedy of the commons: If we each choose immortality out of self-interest, all of us will suffer.

maintain that kind of health, you could theoretically live to 1,000,” he says.

But a larger question looms: If death is only a puzzle, do we really want to solve it? In 2013 the Pew Research Center found that 56 percent of Americans don’t wish to live past 120 years. That’s in line with what philosophers have said for centuries—that death isn’t always bad.

The Greek philosopher Epicurus argued for the positive side of death, since bad things happen to us only while we’re alive. After all, what’s the worst we could experience before we’re born? We may wish we lived in a different era, among Hendrix rather than hipsters, but we never fear what could have happened to us before we were alive. Why not think about death in the same way?

► Tech magnate Joon Yun has gamified the quest to live forever.



One problem is that it’s almost impossible to imagine our own deaths. “Whenever we try to do so,” Freud writes, “we find that we survive ourselves as spectators.” And while it’s easy to picture eavesdropping on your own funeral, it’s nearly impossible to visualize the vast nothingness of nonexistence.

Once we picture ourselves as spectators of our own death, we become angry that we’ve been stripped of some sight or taste or experience, and we fear missing out. But that doesn’t mean eternal life is the fix. In his book *Death*, Yale philosopher Shelly Kagan invites us to imagine an activity we could enjoy forever. It should be easy to think of one you would enjoy for a very, very long time, but consider doing it for 200, 500 or 1,000 years. Kagan argues you would need to have a lobotomy to enjoy that life. This leads us into another moral minefield: If we decide we’ve burned out on sunsets at the age of 500, is our only option suicide?

Others see even darker potential. “We have cultural practices that presuppose a certain human life span,” explains Rebecca Roache, philosophy lecturer at the University of London. “The life sentence is one of those.” According to the Sentencing Project, nearly 50,000 inmates in the U.S. are serving life without parole. If a man commits a heinous crime at 30, should he serve a 270-year sentence? Many believe they’re a different person at 40 than they were at 18. At what point are we punishing someone else entirely?

But this doesn’t make death a good thing. Suppose you’re given a choice between immortality and a peaceful death at 85. Even if you’re concerned about what immortality means for your future, it’s hard to choose against having a future—and that may be the greatest danger. It’s the tragedy of the commons: If we each choose immortality out of self-interest, all of us will suffer from overpopulation, resource depletion and pollution. For eternal life to work for some, others will have to be left out. The choice is among the thorniest imaginable, and it’s nearly here. When it comes to death and taxes, count your blessings. ■



THE DEATH OF LAS VEGAS

These days, “What Happened Here Now Happens Elsewhere” would be more apt



If you’ve been to a Nevada brothel lately—and the odds of that are increasingly slim—you know it may be the saddest place in America. Most are far from the glitter of the Strip, surrounded by tumbleweed and secluded in the worst sense of the word.

Perhaps the nation’s handful of legal cathouses once enjoyed a cachet (or even a sheen) of respectability as a

capitalistic exchange between women who preferred the work and men who desired an encounter free of STDs, wallet theft and blackmail. But everything about the modern brothel feels pathetically retro. With Tinder, OkCupid and Ashley Madison, the idea that anyone—no matter how homely, shriveled or awkward—would fly to Vegas, drive 70 miles and pay for sex in what amounts to a dolled-up double-wide is borderline absurd. Most would find that to-do list so exhausting, they’d rather close Expedia, open PornoTube and scratch the itch themselves.

This is a real problem for Las Vegas and Nevada, names once internationally synonymous with vice and adult pleasure. The industry that put the “sin” in Sin City is facing a death spiral: In 1985, 35

brothels employed more than 1,000 sex workers; today, just 250 licensed sex workers labor in the 16 that remain. These days, the clientele is likelier to be truckers passing through than sophisticated mafiosi of the *Casino* vintage. And the buck doesn't stop with the end of the sex industry. For 45 years, Vegas held a monopoly on American gambling before Atlantic City joined the fun; today, casinos can be found within a three-hour drive of every major city in the continental United States. Macau's gambling industry now grosses more than seven times that of the Strip, and Singapore is set to muscle Vegas out of second place this year or next, with a total of two casinos.

Where else has the Silver State lost its chutzpah? Shotgun weddings and no-fault divorces are now par for the course in America. Given the chance to lead in the same-sex marriage revolution, the state enacted a constitutional ban on the right in 2002, reversing course only after forced to by a federal court in 2014. That made Nevada the 26th state to recognize gay marriage, behind such liberal strongholds as Utah and Oklahoma. Rather than legalize marijuana in 2006, when such flights of fancy were still shocking to our Bush-era sensitivities, voters defeated a proposed measure by 12 points; six years later, Colorado approved Amendment 64, ushering in \$53 million in tax revenue in 2014 and more than a dozen weed-laced vacations and tours. And instead of approving a legalization ballot measure last March, after more than 100,000 signatures of support were delivered in a state of 1.4 million voters, lawmakers instead moved to defer the issue to 2016, by which point absolutely nobody in the U.S. will still care.

Where did the renegades who built Nevada on the Western frontier ethos of personal freedom go? George Flint, erstwhile lobbyist for the Nevada Brothel Owners Association, offers this bitter answer: "California. California happened."

For decades, an influx of new residents has come in like a flood tide from the gold rush—folks seeking to escape onerous financial regulations and California's legendary social liberalism. "More and more people move to Nevada, and they like it," says Flint. "But once they get here, they try to turn it into something else." Between 2005 and 2013 more than 425,000 Californians went east—to a state with a population of 2.8 million—on the promise of cheap real estate and nary an income tax to be seen. And they brought their conservative roots with them.

Legal prostitution was (and is) an unpleasant reality for these new arrivals,

but one easily kept out of sight by state laws that disallow it in counties of more than 400,000 residents, of which only two exist: Clark County (which includes Vegas) and Washoe County (which includes Reno). That covers more than 85 percent of state residents. Folks like Flint know that a statewide vote today could kill the trade altogether. He and his fellow advocates thus stay as under-the-radar as possible—not exactly a recipe for innovation. When Hollywood madam Heidi Fleiss briefly floated the idea of opening a male brothel in 2005, Flint groused it was bait for lawmakers to tighten industry regulations. During the Great Recession, when Nevada faced the nation's largest deficit as a percent of the state budget, Flint and his allies practically begged the legislature to tax

BY
STEVE
FRIESS



brothels, the better to ensure the industry's survival. Carson City, desperate as it was, cut school funding instead.

In some ways, this was all foretold by the Strip's transformation into 4.2 miles of roller coasters, animal exhibits, magic shows and no fewer than eight variations on Cirque du Soleil. The edgiest thing about "What Happens Here Stays Here" became how decidedly blasé the declaration was. It means fun, but just enough fun. The old Sin City, however, meant whatever

► This is, in fact, your daddy's brothel. Not much has changed.

you wanted it to mean.

Vegas's latest resorts perform architectural acrobatics that allow guests to go entire weeks without glimpsing so much as a poker chip; casino floors have been fitted with beyond-state-of-the-art air-filtration systems to capture and excise cigarette smoke, lest anyone be forced to suffer its presence. Gone are the city's halcyon days of *Swingers*; it has three Gordon Ramsay restaurants and a four-story M&M's store instead. Even *The Hangover* struck comic gold precisely because of its absurdity: While *Fear and Loathing* was funny because it was true, *The Hangover* was funny because its joyride could never happen in the modern, morally sanitized Vegas. Perchance, audiences said, to dream.

This should make anyone who cares about liberty and vice retch. Maybe this milquetoast, pale imitation of respectability is what Las Vegas wanted to be when it grew up. Perhaps, all along, Nevada was destined to be nothing more interesting than East California. And maybe variations on Disneyland are all Americans want these days. Which is fine: America gets what America wants. Bachelors, we hope you're brushing up on your Chinese. You're going to need it when you're lost in Macau. ■

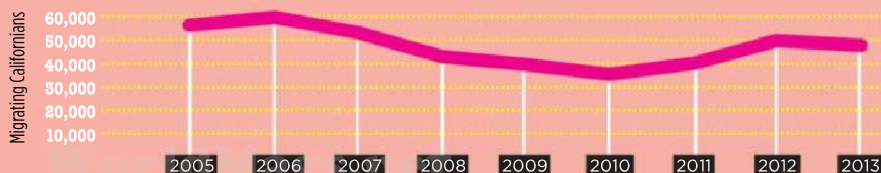


"More and more people move to Nevada, and they like it. But once they get here, they try to turn it into something else."

—George Flint, former Nevada Brothel Owners Association lobbyist

FLIGHT OF THE CALIFORNIANS

• Since 2005, when the Census Bureau's American Community Survey began tracking state-to-state migration, ex-Californians have made up an average of 38 percent of new Nevada residents every year, blowing every other state out of the water. They bring with them a NIMBY attitude that's killing Nevada's renegade Western buzz and all the fun things it once made possible, from pot to prostitution.



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FREE

WITH ANY PURCHASE
**3-1/2" SUPER BRIGHT
NINE LED ALUMINUM
FLASHLIGHT**

LOT 69052 shown
69111/62522/62573

**\$6.99
VALUE**

LIMIT 1 - Cannot be used with other discount, coupon or prior purchase. Coupon good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Offer good while supplies last. Shipping & Handling charges may apply if not picked up in-store. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 2/20/16. Limit one FREE GIFT coupon per customer per day.



WOW SUPER COUPON

US* GENERAL PRO
**26", 16 DRAWER
ROLLER CABINET**

• 1060 lb. Capacity
• 14,600 cu. in. of storage

LOT 61609 shown
67831 shown

\$369.99
comp at \$558

LIMIT 4 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 2/20/16. Limit one coupon per customer per day.



SUPER COUPON

72" x 80" MOVER'S BLANKET

HaulMaster
Customer Rating **★★★★**

LOT 66537 shown
69505/62418

SAVE 66% \$5.99
comp at \$17.97

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WOW SUPER COUPON

**RAPID PUMP® 1.5 TON
ALUMINUM RACING JACK**

PITTSBURGH
Customer Rating **★★★★**

LOT 69252/60569 shown
68053/62160
62496/62516

\$59.99 \$89.99
comp at \$109.99

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SUPER COUPON

**2500 LB. ELECTRIC WINCH
WITH WIRELESS
REMOTE CONTROL**

NEW
SAVE \$200

LOT 61258 shown
61840/61297/68146

\$59.99
comp at \$259.99

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SUPER COUPON

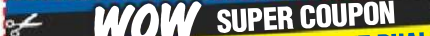
**2.5 HP, 21 GALLON
125 PSI VERTICAL
AIR COMPRESSOR**

CENTRAL PNEUMATIC
Customer Rating **★★★★**

LOT 67847 shown
61454/61693/62803

SAVE \$349 \$149.99
comp at \$499

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SUPER COUPON

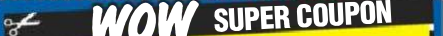
**40 PIECE 1/4" AND 3/8" DRIVE
SOCKET SET**

PITTSBURGH
Customer Rating **★★★★**

LOT 63015 shown
61328/62843
47902 shown

SAVE 60% \$3.99
comp at \$9.99

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SUPER COUPON

**900 PEAK
700 RUNNING WATTS
2 HP (63 CC) 2 CYCLE
GAS RECREATIONAL
GENERATOR**

NEW
SAVE \$68

LOT 60338/66619/69381 shown

\$99.99
comp at \$168.97

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WOW SUPER COUPON

**1500 WATT DUAL
TEMPERATURE
HEAT GUN
(572°/1112°)**

SAVE 70%

LOT 62340/62546
96289 shown

\$8.99 \$14.99
comp at \$29.97

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WOW SUPER COUPON

**3-IN-1 PORTABLE POWER PACK
WITH JUMP STARTER**

CENTECH
Customer Rating **★★★★**

LOT 60657 shown
38391/62306/62376

SAVE 27% \$39.99 \$49.99
comp at \$54.97

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SUPER COUPON

**12" SLIDING COMPOUND
DOUBLE-BEVEL MITER SAW
WITH LASER GUIDE**

NEW
SAVE \$264

LOT 69684 shown
61776/61969/61970

\$134.99
comp at \$399

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SUPER COUPON

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COLLAPSIBLE
EASY-STORE
STEP LADDER**

SAVE 39%
• 225 lb. Capacity

LOT 67514

\$19.99
comp at \$32.99

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SUPER COUPON

60 LED SOLAR SECURITY LIGHT

Bunker Hill Security®
Customer Rating **★★★★**

LOT 62534/69643 shown

SAVE 54% \$31.99
comp at \$69.99

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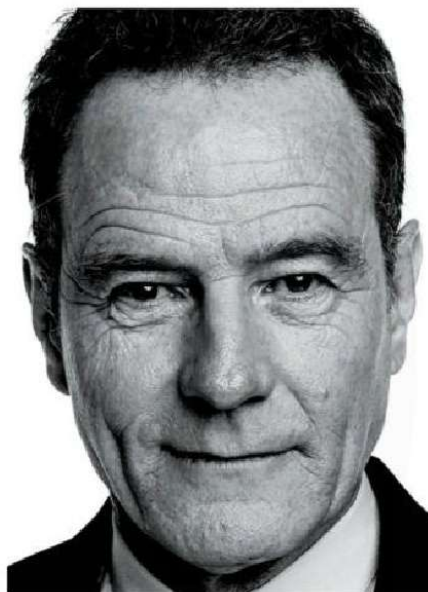
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THE WAR AT HOME.



WALTER WHO? BRYAN CRANSTON'S NEXT CHAPTER.

NEXT MONTH



CULTURE CULTURE BILLY EICHNER.

GOOD COP, BAD COP—THE RIOTS IN FERGUSON AND BALTIMORE HAVE PUT OUR POLICE FORCES IN A PRECARIOUS PLACE. ACCORDING TO A RECENT POLL, ONLY HALF OF AMERICANS TRUST COPS. AS A RESULT, GROUPS OF CAMERA-TOTING VIGILANTES, DUBBED “COP WATCHERS,” ARE NOW ORGANIZING IN THE NATION’S MOST SEGREGATED AREAS. THESE CITIZEN BRIGADES TAIL OFFICERS TO KEEP THEM HONEST AND PROMISE TO UPLoad EVIDENCE OF ANYTHING ELSE TO YOUTUBE. **FRANK OWEN** TALKS TO BOTH SIDES TO DETERMINE WHETHER ACTIVISM ON THE FRONT LINES WILL HELP OR HURT THE CAUSE.

ANGER MANAGEMENT—FROM A SMALL BUT MEMORABLE ROLE ON *PARKS AND RECREATION* TO HIS POP-CULTURE QUIZ SHOW *BILLY ON THE STREET* AND THE HULU SERIES *DIFFICULT PEOPLE*, **BILLY EICHNER** IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS GRATING VOICE AND GENERAL CURMUDGEONLINESS. IS IT ALL AN ACT? DESPITE GETTING DUMPED BY NETWORKS, BEING CALLED UGLY BY HIS CO-STAR AND LOSING A DAYTIME EMMY TO *CASH CAB*, EICHNER REMAINS PRETTY RATIONAL, AS **ROB TANNENBAUM** LEARNS IN 20Q.

DADDY ISSUES—**JOEL STEIN** LOVES HIS PARENTS, BUT THAT DOESN’T MEAN HE WANTS THEM TEXTING HIM, FACEBOOKING HIM OR ASKING INCESSANT QUESTIONS ABOUT HIS PERSONAL LIFE. HE IS 44, AFTER ALL. BUT HIS PARENTS STILL TREAT HIM LIKE A PREPUBESCENT TEEN. SOUND FAMILIAR? IN THE *MEN* COLUMN,

STEIN EXPLAINS WHY, NO MATTER WHAT OUR AGE, WE’LL NEVER STOP FEELING ANNOYED WITH THOSE WHO RAISED US.

THE RESURRECTION OF X—IN ITS HEYDAY, ECSTASY PUMPED FREELY—AND LEGALLY—THROUGH THE VEINS OF STARLETS AND CLUB KIDS AROUND THE WORLD. VARIOUSLY KNOWN AS ADAM, MDMA AND THE HUG DRUG, IT WAS BANNED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IN 1985, THWARTING PSYCHEDELICS RESEARCHERS AND CAUSING IMPURE KNOCKOFFS TO FLOOD THE MARKET. ON THE EVE OF THE BAN’S 30TH ANNIVERSARY, **PETER SIMEK** TRACES HOW A PILL ORIGINALLY DISPENSED AT A DALLAS NIGHTCLUB TURNED INTO A STILL-THRIVING CULTURAL PHENOMENON.

GRAPHIC STORYTELLING—AHEAD OF THE RELEASE OF *THE HATEFUL EIGHT*, **QUENTIN TARANTINO**’S MOVIE ABOUT A RAGTAG GANG OF GUNSLINGERS TRAPPED IN A BLIZZARD, THE DIRECTOR HANDED OVER HIS SCRIPT TO ILLUSTRATOR **ZACH MEYER** FOR A GRAPHIC-NOVEL ADAPTATION. THE RESULT IS OUR EXCLUSIVE EIGHT-PAGE INTRODUCTION—EQUALLY GORY AND GLORIOUS—TO A FILM THAT MAY VERY WELL BEST *DJANGO UNCHAINED*.

PLUS—**BRYAN CRANSTON** TALKS LIFE AFTER *BREAKING BAD* IN THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, INDIE POP ARTIST **HALSEY** STRIPS DOWN FOR *BECOMING ATTRACTION*, **MISS DECEMBER** DELIVERS THE PERFECT GIFT AND MORE IN OUR GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE.



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(continued on other side)



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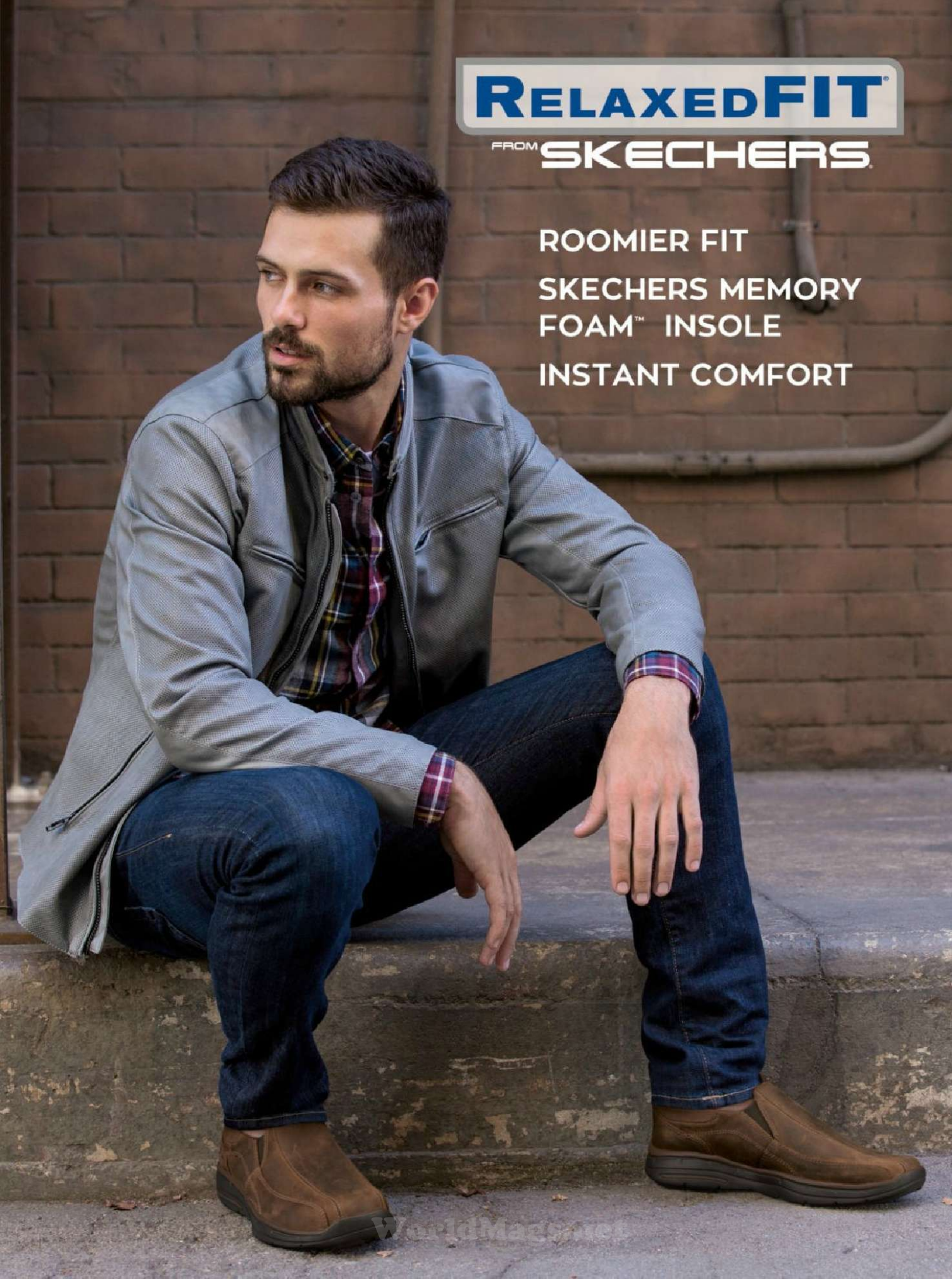
Blue Wave Crystal Pendant

*nestles within our
signature presentation box.
Perfect for gift-giving
and safekeeping,
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additional charge.*

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